

Mr. Thompson *13*
ELYSIUM:

Or, The State of

LOVE and HONOUR

In the

Superiour Regions of Bliss:

Being

An Account of a TOUR lately made
into those Delicious GROVES and
FIELDS of Light.

Containing

A New Discovery of the Situation,
Clime, Soil and Product of that hap-
py Country.

A L S O

The Exercifes and Fruitions of the In-
habitants: With other Surprising
Relations.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by Francis Thompson in Little
Germain street, at St. James's; Thomas Hartin
at the Rose in the Strand, and by the Book
sellers in London, and Westminster. 1702.

ie. first year of the reign of Queen Anne.

ELONGATED HONOR

[illegible]

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the County of Cook, Illinois, for the year 1891.

9/6



W. J. G. W. G.



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To The Right Honorable

The LADY

ELIZABETH CROMWEL.

MADAM,

HAVING been presented by
a Gentleman of a Mercuri-
al Genius with the Copy of the
following Sheets, which he compos'd
in his Lucid Intervals, when his
Mind was relax'd from more
serious Studys, I have presum'd
to offer it to your *Ladiships* Pa-
tronage. Altho some stroakes in
it may evince the Gentleman was
of a Capacity to have much im-
prov'd it, had his leasure permit-
ted, yet had it been most correct,
it could not have escap'd the de-
tection of Errours from so dis-
cerning a Judge as your self who
* 2 have

ha .e justly acquir'd the Reputation of being one of the most refined Wits of the Age, on which Consideration I should have desisted from this Attempt, were you not equally Famous for your Candour and sweet Disposition, which inclines you to Balance the Faults of an Authour with such Images in the Work as Discover something of Ingenuity, on which account I am in hopes of your Pardon for Gracing these Sheets with your Honorable Name, and for the presumption of this Address made by,

M A D A M,

Your Ladyships,

Most Dutysful Servant,

F. THOMPSON.

TO

TO THE CRITICKS.

NOW the Author (says one) is going to Cringe to us for our favourable Construction, but the Fop might have consider'd, that Good-natur'd, we account an Epithet for a Fool, and that we would not forgoe the dear Delight of Censuring, to save the best Friend from Hanging. Thus you often fore-judge a whole Discourse by what you find in the Title, and draw an Imaginary Conclusion from the absur'd Idea you conceive of it: If you proceed further in a Treatise, it is for want of meeting earlier matter, liable to be wrested by your Malice from its genuine meaning. But as Sr. John of the Peak Bowl'd so well, that no body would Bowl with him, and so by too great skill, mist the Effects of
his

To the Reader.

his Design; so you by your carping at all, loose the Effects of your Malice, since a Faulty Author is not distinguish'd thereby; Besides, the very few of you, which have the Judgment to be true Criticks, incur the Misfortune of having your Reputations swallow'd up by the pretenders to that Title (the Herd which make so much clamour being meerly such) Who steal your Hints and proclaim them for their own, and so loud, that your names are drown'd in the Noise: Nay and some times, to the Credit of the Author from the little Credit of them which fill up the Cry. The Truth is, Criticks (generally speaking) are very unhappy Animals: they bite at randome like Mad-Dogs, and are consider'd accordingly: their deprav'd Appetites are fed with the Faults of others, as Toads are by the Venomous

To the Reader.

nomous Qualitys of the Earth. If they meet with a most correct Author (which gives infinite Delight to others) they languish for want of Food. They are Govern'd by so Malignant a Planet, that they are forc'd to be ill natur'd to maintain their Character; for if they find no Fault, tho in the most Polite Treatise, they loose the Reputation of their Wit, and if they doe in such, they loose that of Good Manners and so are under a Fatal Necessity to be Hated or dispis'd, You are the most Savage and unnatural Creatures of the whole Universe, for you are always ready to Prey upon one another, (a Barbarity detested by other Brutes) for when a Critick turns Author, his Curriish Nature is chang'd into that of a Bear, and all the Yelping Pack, strait Worry him. But why should you be

To the Reader.

So Angry at others for not being Angels, free'd from all Humane Frailtys, when your selves are such Devils, delighting only in Scandal, Malice and Mischeif? By this time (perhaps) your Malice is whetted and ready to Defect this Romance, Novel, (or by what other Name or Title, you are pleas'd to Dignifie or Distinguish it) What have we here (says one) Elysium? What the Devil have we to doe with that Heathenish whim? And why (say I) should that be offensive to Persons of your Heathenish Principles? But I ask pardon of those wiser Pagans for that expression, for most of your Lives would have been a Scandal to their Morals. Yet under this Heathenish Title you may find Precepts, to which many of you (in the Practical Part) may hitherto have been Strangers.

But

To the Reader.

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But why (*says another*) this old Tale of Love still, which hath been Brew'd over and over, and long since drawn to the Dreggs? I answer, So have all other Subjects, and a wise Gentleman said some Thousand Yeares agoe [his name was Solomon, I know not whither you have read him] That then there was no new thing under the Sun: And since we can speak nothing, but Tautology, I see no reason wh we may not most properly Insinuate Instructions by a Discourse so agreeable and Genuine to Humane Nature, thereby mingling Profit with Delight; and tis well known, that the most Noble, Generous and Ingenuous Dispositions, are always most Subject to this Passion the I will not tax your Malignant Natures with the least Guilt of it. I hope you will not be
angry

To the Reader.

angry the at Discourse for being Fictions, since your Title of being Criticks is usually such; or if you last with true Wit, most of you are but Fictions Authors of it. Lastly, to show you more respect then you do to Authors, Superiour often to your selves in Judgment: I will not accuse you of so much Ignorance in the meaning of a Poetical Heav'n, as to think you will Censure this, as being defective, through the Imperfection of the Joyes thereof, and the Interruption of them, by Intervening Passions and Affections: it is sufficient that this Elysium appears a little more hallow'd then that of the Ancient Greek and Latin Poets, who prophan'd theirs with all kind of Luxures. And now I suppose the Porch is grown big enough for the Edifice, at which you may enter at your Peril.

AD-

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A Black Shining Sand to Strew Writing with, of such Surprising Lustre, that it gives Beauty to a bad Hand, and an Ornament to the best; is Sold by Fran. Thompson in Little Germain-street, at St. James's.

Harbins Royal Shining Japan Ink, now much Improv'd, being in General Esteem, the Best Writing Ink extant for its Transcendant Lustre and Blackness, which it will retain as long as the Paper or Parchment, on which it is Written, holds firm without changing its colour: at 6 d. per Bottle, with Printed Directions, Made and Sold by Tho. Harbin, Stationer, at the Rose in the Strand, and by most Book-sellers in Town and Country.

ERA-

AD-

E R A T A.

THE Author being at great distance from the Press, there happen'd some Errata, and false Pointings, which you are desired to mend with your Pen; the Principal whereof are. Page 5. line 11. read *Blooming*. p. 6. l. 9. r. *Harmonious*. p. 18. l. 15. r. *Poets*. l. 22. r. *boding* p. 22. l. 11. r. *enterprises*. p. 25. l. 12. r. *ever*. p. 25. l. 6. r. *discerned*. l. 15. r. *sweetness*. p. 27. l. 20. r. *inviting*. p. 28. l. 12. r. *bear*. p. 31. l. 8. r. *Eloquence*, p. 36. l. 14. r. *Porch*. p. 40. l. 3. r. *Pearly*. p. 41. l. 2. r. *Heavenly*. p. 45. l. 17. r. *the Celestial*. p. 51. l. 6. r. *Flocks*. p. 52. l. 12. for *they are*. r. *There*. p. 53. l. 1. r. *Dreams*. p. 54. l. 10. r. *Dowry*. p. 60. l. 7. r. *Atomes*. p. 67. l. 13. r. *between*. p. 69. l. 20. for *light*. r. *this*. l. 21. r. *between*. p. 77. l. 3. r. *are*. p. 81. l. 11. o. *Toest*. p. 88. l. 8. r. *scent*. p. 89. l. 12. r. *deserved*. p. 93. l. 23. r. *Bowl*. p. 98. l. 21. r. *interred*. p. 101. l. 12. r. *Phantasms*. p. 108. l. 22. r. *Raptures*. p. 109. l. 16. r. *round*. p. 115. l. 1. r. *was*. l. 7. r. *some*. p. 116. l. 12. r. *still*. p. 120. l. 1. r. *wonder*. p. 122. l. 4. r. *an*. l. 13. r. *Whose*. p. 128. l. 9. r. *Unpall'd*.

E L Y.

ELYSIUM, &c.

I T was upon the Cool Even-
 ing of a Bright and Glorious
 Summer's Day, when the
 sultry Aire was gently Fann'd by
 the soft Western Breezes; there-
 by allaying the scorching Heat
 diffus'd by the Sun's late Fiery
 Beames; relieving also and re-
 freshing Mankind with a *Balmey*
Delectation after the Toyls and
 Fatigues of the past Day. It was
 upon that delicious Juncture of
 Time, that I took a private Path,
 which led to a shady Grove of
 Trees, whose Tops were Gilded
 with the Sun's departing Beams;
 whilst the winged Quires of
 Heav'n [each by his Sprightly
 A Mate

from the
 and false
 end with
 Page 5.
 harmonious.
 22. l. 11.
 5. l. 6. r.
 . inviting
 ace, p. 36.
 41. l. 2. r.
 51. l. 6. r.
 p. 53. l. 1.
 10. l. 7. r.
 l. 20. for
 3. r. are
 p. 89. l.
 8. l. 21. r.
 108. l. 22.
 15. l. 1. r.
 . 120. l. 1.
 se. p. 128.

EL Y.

Mate] Warbled forth their
 Charming Layes upon the Ver-
 dant Boughs. I no sooner had
 enter'd the Grove, but divers
 delightful Mazes allur'd me to
 embrace their proffer'd Pleasures.
 At length I pitch'd upon a wide
Avenue, on Each side rank'd with
 reverend tall Oakes, whose state-
 ly, well spread Heads, form'd a
 large Arch at Top: A Rivulet
 run on either side beneath, whose
 bright, transparent streams, flow-
 ing o're gentle Falls, pleas'd with
 their murmuring sounds.

The solemn, sweet recess con-
 tributed to the deep contempla-
 tion which had seiz'd my rumi-
 nating Soul. The copious, yet the
 most abstruse of Theams which
 fill'd my Thoughts, was the con-
 dition of departed Souls; which
 when they are enlarged from
 their

their Corporeal Prisons, they pro-
 secute the same Designs and In-
 terests, and are influenc'd by the
 like Passions of Joy, Greif, Love,
 Hatred and Revenge, as when
 confined to their Earthly Vehi-
 cles below? Numberles different
 Ideas and Images of things crou-
 ded my desultorious Fancy; no
 sooner had one wrested my con-
 sent with specious shew of Pro-
 bability, but strait another star-
 ed up, with stronger Demon-
 stration and deprest the other; a
 third arose which seem'd upon a
 former Basis rear'd and soon de-
 nos'd the last: but then like *Hy-*
dras Heads they multiply'd, un-
 till at length their Fluctuating in-
 such tumultuous manner, by de-
 grees wasted my tyred Spirits
 and disarm'd them of their pri-
 me Vigour: which with the
 A 2 sweet

sweet Amusement of the Grove
 the pleasing noises of the purling
 streams, and the Melodious
 chanting of the *Ætherial Chori-*
sters, lull'd my pleas'd senses, and
 inclin'd me to a soft and downey
 Rest. No sooner had *Morpheus*
 with his *Leaden Mace* clos'd up
 and seal'd my Eyes, and lockt me
 in his *Soporiferous Imbraces*; but
 all the former *Idea's* display'd
 themselves again, but with far
 clearer Emanations than before
 my soul seem'd now Infranchis'd
 and free to wander through
 the bright Purlieus of the *Ely-*
zium Groves and to informe it
 self by Ocular Demonstration of
 all those doubts and Queries
 which before had so fatigu'd its
 Operations: becoming far more
 prompt for Action and for Ten-
 sive, then when it was servilely
 fetter'd

better'd by the Organs of the Bo-
 y; and wanted but a kind Con-
 ductor to lead it to those Blisfull
 fields of Light. When lo! a shin-
 ing Forme appear'd before my
 eyes, drest up in all the Charmes
 of Youthfull Beauty, which the
 most Zealous and most Devoted
 lovers can feign or wish for in
 the adored Objects of their Pas-
 sion: Eternal Spring sat bloming *ing*
 in his Aspect and a delicious Pa-
 radise of Rapturing Pleasures was
 open'd and displayed in his Face.
 His *Luminous Vestment* was cut
 from the brightest *Azure* of the
 immaculate Skies; his Scarf was
 made from the Orient Colours
 of the *Rain-Bow*; o're which his
 Golden Tresses wanton'd in de-
 lightfull Curles: and as he gent-
 ly moved his expanded Wings
 White as the unsullyed Rayes

miours

of Light and soft as Down of Swans] he spread through all the Ambient Aire most Odoriferous Perfumes. Supprized at his Glorious Presence, which I thought some Illustrious Divinity I was preparing to prostrate my self in Adoration, when thus [striking my Ravished Ears with his Harmonious Voice and Fanning with his Lucid Wings my Glowing Face] he said. Forbear fond Youth your mistaken Zeal and pay your Worship To the Gods, for I am but a Minister in their High Courts, and one of those whose Office and Employment it is, to succour and support Mankind below, such as doe square their Actions by the Rules of Vertue; and whose Chast Lives are free from those Enormitys which contaminate the greatest part of this depraved Age. The ever Blessed and Immortal God

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Gods, knowing to what numbers of
 Temptations frail, Humane Nature
 lyes expos'd, and being allways in-
 clin'd to Goodness and Mercy, have
 constituted us your Guardians and
 you are in particular, consign'd my
 Ward. Nay even from your Infancy
 you have been under my Protection;
 a thousand evils I have defended
 you from, which attack'd your gree-
 ner Yeares, for in that state of In-
 nocence Mankind is more solely at
 our dispose, before they have forfei-
 ted our stricter Care by their Vo-
 luntary Crimes. When at any time
 I have seen your soul immersed in
 perplexed Thoughts, which would
 soon be overwhelm'd, if not suppor-
 ted by a supernatural Aide, quick
 as those scudding Thoughts I have
 wing'd my Flight to your Assistance
 and dispell'd those Heterogenious
 Notions which else had not termi-

nated but in Distracti^on. Even now
as from a lofty Pinacle, which
Crowns one of the Celestiall Pala-
ces, I cast my eyes upon this lower
World [for no Medium can inter-
vene but what is transparent to the
eyes of Angels and clear as rarified
Æthur] I beheld your troubled
countenaⁿce, read the Distracti^on of
your Mind and [according to my
Assign'd Employment] am come
with Balsamick Lenitives to give
you ease and Relaxation from your
Griefs and all the satisfaction I may
within the Sphere of my Commis-
sion. This charming and Endea-
ring salutation of the Celestial
Courtier, together with the
splendour of his sacred Mien, so
dazled the Opticks of my Body
and Mind, and put such pleasing
Fetters on my Tounge, that for a
while I was transported, incapa-
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ble of Utterance : rallying at
 length my Vanquish'd Spirits
 aw'd by the Majesty of such a
 Glorious and superiour Essence.

I was going to make Acknow-
 ledgment, in the best Terms my
 confus'd Invention, in such an
 exigent could suggest, when with
 a pitying smile he thus preven-
 ted me. I see by your comportment,
 you are labouring to complement my
 Benevolence ; forbear that needless
 Toil, for alas ! your most celebrated
 Topicks strike no Musick in our
 eares. Us'd to the lofty Rhetorick
 of the Courts above ; besides it is a
 trifling of the Time, not suitable to
 the high import of our Imploy:there-
 fore confine your Address to the
 exigence of your own Occasions and
 the Solution of those doubts which
 harass your disturbed Mind. Tho by
 your Looks, Deportment, and other
 Cir-

Circumstances, I can gather the most
 important of your Designs and Con-
 trivances, and by the exteriour Vi-
 sage, read many of the efforts of the
 Interiour soul, yet there are so many
 Turnings and Mazes in the Heart
 of Man, that all their Avenues lye
 obvious onely to the exploration of
 the Omniscient Gods : They onely
 who first Form'd their souls can look
 into all their dark Recesses. Where-
 fore be your own Interpreter and
 unlock the Cabinet of your Breast, to
 one who is able to resolve the most
 abstruse Queries you can propose, and
 whose Willingness, [did you know
 the Proneness of our Nature to Assist
 Mankind] you would not call into
 Question : for as from your Nativity
 I have been propitious to your better
 Inclinations, so whilst you stray not
 from the Paths of Vertue, it shall be
 my care to inculcate such Notions as
 shall

shall be auspicious, towards the fel-
 icitizing your Future Daies. The
 Joyous Resentments I conceiv'd
 of this unexpressible Favour, al-
 most put me into the Posture,
 my Astonishment and wonder
 had done before, The most lofty
 and significant Words can't in-
 form you with what stupendious
 Joy I entertain'd the blest Mes-
 senger, who had all along been
 the kind Author of my Happy-
 nels ; and by most Generous and
 Gallant Expressions gave me un-
 doubted assurance of his advan-
 tagious Assistance for the future
 Passages of my Life, having re-
 collected my Wandring Imagi-
 nations, I begun without further
 Acknowledgments, freely and
 Openly to uncase my soul to my
 Indulgent Guardian, in such like
 Langage as this : *Most Illustrious*
Spirit,

*Spirit, since it hath pleas'd so glorious a Being to concern your self about such low and trivial Fancys as reside in my clouded Breast, by an exact account of my Thoughts I shall make myself a partaker of that Happyness, you have encourag'd me to Hope. Long time with many Anxious thoughts I have revolv'd, whether in the Celestial Regions apointed for the Reception of separate Souls, the same Passions prevail in the Beatified and Immortal Inhabitants, which exercis'd them when they possess this Vale of Mortality below, and in pursuance of my desir'd Discovery, have been projecting in my Brain, the *Polity, Customs, Diversions and Interests of Elysium*; but could never form any compleat Notion or *Ad æquate Idea* thereof: whereupon [tho my*

parti-

particular Humour inclines me to pry into the Secrets of Nature and her Operations in this *Terrestiall* Globe] yet could I once be resolv'd concerning these difficult *Phænomena's*, which revell in my Thoughts and give frequent Interruption to my Repose, I would put an Eternal *ne plus ultra* to my Curiosity and here Terminate the extravagant Ambition of my Desires, and so pass my remaining Dayes in Tranquillity.

I see [rejoyns the *Celestial* Youth] the occasion of that disturbance which clouds your Face, and shall take an effectual Method, for the dispelling those envious Mists, that damp up the briskness of your spirits. 'Tis confes'd I might put a Period to your Inquisitive Humour, by
giving

giving you a positive *solution*: but as it is most agreeable to my present Approach to you in this place, so it will be vastly more acceptable to you, to satisfy yourself about your Doubts by your own experience than by mine, and to receive an *Ocular Demonstration* rather than a *Philosophical Essay*. That you may with more ease apprehend my meaning, know then that if you shall acquiesce in my Determination I have concluded to conduct you into those Eternally *Verdant Bowers* and *Fields* of Delight, to shew you at once a Pleasurable and Profitable View of *Elysium*, which we will traverse, and make Remarks upon all the memorable Actions and Passions, that we shall observe in our Travels. And in respect that Love is an ample Passion,

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Passion, pregnant of all the rest,
 and produces Effects in its Won-
 derfulness and Variety, equiva-
 lent if not superior to the results
 of the other Affections : We will
 confine our scrutiny to the state
 of true Lovers; and so by a shor-
 ter Curt and as it were in Epito-
 mie take notice of what is worth
 knowing, in that sweet Compa-
 ny, but before hand you must
 resolve to rally all the Fortitude
 you can possibly be master of : I
 mean you must turn *Stoick*, and
 put on an insensibility, that you
 may be more apprehensive of
 the Curious Spectacles that pre-
 sent themselves to an impartial
 and an unprejudic'd Observer :
 the Reason is, such variety of
 Charming Objects and Ravish-
 ing Sights, will be apt to commit
 a Rape upon your senses, and
 bring

bring such a Stupid Admiration and Transporte upon you, that being too earnestly fixt on the pleasing appearances, you will forget your Business, and loose the Design of your survey. No sooner had he thus deliver'd himself, but [fir'd by the expectation] I felt every Vein warm'd with fresh Blood and every Member of my Body, inspir'd with new Vigour, and something run through all my Constitution, that seem'd to advance me above the pitch of dull Mortality. Nothing of Weight or Corpulency was troublesome to me: my Soul seem'd no longer immur'd in walls of Flesh, but to have put on a Fiery Vehicle, which mov'd with the same swiftness as those Spiritual substances do, who are freed from the

the Cloggs and Incumbrances of
 humane Infirmity. Me thoughts
 in a moment I was mov'd from
 the Place we possess'd before, to
 the middle, and thence to the
 highest *Region* of the *Aire*: where
 the way to *Elysium* was beset
 with thousands of *Evill* and *Ma-*
ignant Spirits, that endeavour'd
 to Infest the Passengers; and tho
 they are all arm'd *Cap-a-pee* a-
 gainst their incursions, and rais'd
 above their Weak encounters,
 yet they will upon occasion vent
 their ineffectual malice, and
 vainly seek to hinder them from
 that happy Place, from which
 they are sentenc'd an Eternal
 Banishment. Amongst the rest of
 the list'd Souldiers of the *Prince*
 of *Darkness*, I espy'd one that
 kept a Malignant Eye upon me;
 and seem'd to have an Inclina-
 B tion

tion above the other of the *Black Legion* to annoy me: He was all made up of Deformity, and was shap'd into as perfect a Figure of Terrour as the most Melancholly Fancy can represent to its self. He carry'd a Dread in his Face enough to affright the most resolute Man into an Ague, and to Convert the stoutest of Mortals [like the *Gorgons Head*] into stoney Effigies.

His stern and Terrible Looks, were in reallity the same, which Poets by way of Fiction ascribe to *Medusa*; and his intangled Tresses hung down with hissing Adders. His rowling, Bloody Eyes cast out streames of blasting Lightning, and were not much unlike a burning Beacon, or an ill bodying, Blazing Star. His *Physiognomy* was to superlatively ugly and

beyond Conception] so Loath-
 omely and Abomanably defor-
 med, that if every corner of Earth
 and Hell were ransackt, and a
 Composition made of all their
 Conjunct Uglinefs, it would be a
 faint and imperfect Copy of this
 Original. He Belch'd *Sulphur* and
 flame out of his Hideous Jawes,
 and directed the boyling stream
 to me, more furiously then *Ætna*
 in its fiery *Eruptions*: such Infer-
 al Lineaments run through his
 rictly Face, that *Apelles*, *Zeaxis*,
 or *Michael Angelo*, would confess
 vastly above their curious Pen-
 ils to make a Draught of it any
 way answerable to this *Hyper-*
bole of Deformity. I dare not
 terrify my Reader with the
 Description of the rest of his
 parts, least I should impress such
 Notion of Terrour on his Fan-

cy, as would not easily be razed
nor ruffle his Imagination with
such Ideas, as would spoil the
Pleasure of my ensuing Relations
In summ, this may suffice ; that
what I have left untouch'd, sur-
passes a Description, and there is
nothing within the precincts of
Nature, betwixt which and this
Monstrous *Hell-Hound*, it is pos-
sible to draw a Parallel. One
thing I could not observe with-
out Reflexion, that among all the
Black Legions, this Monster should
particularly fix his grinning As-
pect on me, and above the rest
set him self in a Posture of assau-
ling me ; and I believe the con-
flict had been of dangerous Con-
sequence, had not my Guardian
secur'd me from his furious and
Fruitless Attempts : My Sacred
Companion [for so he gave me
leave

have to Entitle him] with one
 part of Anger from his Majestick
 eye, quash'd the *Apostate Demon's*
 rage, and forc'd him, with con-
 fusion and disorder to retire into
 the Body of his Fellow Rebels.

This Encreas'd my wonder,
 and therefore as soon as we had
 pass'd by the hellish Garrison, I
 could not forbear to deliver the
 emanations of my heart, and to
 apply my self to my Guide for
 the reason of these things that
 seem'd to be wrapt up in so much
 Mystery and Darknesse. *I shall*
casily [reply'd the Celestial Peer]
give light to this obscurity, and by
a friendly Clew lead your uncertain
steps out of your Labyrinth of doubt.
As an introduction to the satisfac-
tion I design to give you [proceeds
 he] *assure your self that every indi-*
vidual man at his first entrance

into the world, has appointed and
 assign'd him, by the wise Architect
 the stately Fabrick of the Univer
 a good and evill Angell, that are
 particularly concern'd about his Life
 and Actions, the one to preserve him
 from danger, to secure him from the
 taint of Unlawful Sensual Entertain
 ments and wicked Examples, and
 to Animate and Encourage him to
 brave and gallant Entreprizes
 chaste Love, Honour and Vertue, the
 other is Employ'd in the doing the
 reverse of this, in engaging him
 with objects that may with fatal
 charms allure him to vice and wicked
 edness, and by most winning Artifi
 ces to draw him on to those Infam
 mous actions that will weaken his
 Body, Enervate his Soul and make
 his memory stink in the Chronicles of
 Fame. And that this may not trouble
 you with unnecessary doubt or sinis
 ter

ter suspicions, any way casting dis-
 honour on the indulgence and justice
 of the dispensations of Heaven; let
 me assure you that the Sovereign
 Moderator of nature has not so lit-
 tle consideration of the peace and
 felicities of his Vassals and creatures,
 as to let loose these rageing Fiends
 unavoidably and necessarily to en-
 gage them to slips and exorbitances:
 upon which he himself will so seve-
 rely animadvert but to sharpen them
 to greater vigilance against their
 sedulous and formidable Adversaries,
 and so be indirect occasions of the
 more severe and resolute progress in
 all the courses of Heroical Vertue
 and bravery. Of the truth whereof
 this may serve for an undeniable
 argument, that this seeming disad-
 vantage is counterballanc'd by an
 instance of kindness that vastly
 overweighs it; in recommending

every Generous and Vertuous Man to
 the Guardian ship and secret Tui-
 tion of a Blessed Angell, whose
 strength circumspedition and tender
 respect of his Goods, out strip's by
 many degrees the impetuous rage
 malicious craft and hellish rancour
 these black Renegades and Mini-
 sters of the Stygian Prince make use
 of to procure his Annoyance, and to
 exclude him the blest abode of ver-
 tuous wise persons. and Illustrious
 Lovers. Now as I at our first con-
 gresse certified you that my self
 was the good Angell and Guar-
 dian Spirit, and when I visited the
 lower World, made it my Em-
 ployment to take care of your
 benefit and consult your Interest
 so you may consider this prodig-
 iously dreadful Demon you speak
 of, under the notion of the Mor-
 tall and Invisibly Enemy, the ef-
 fects

Man
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ets of whose Industrious malice
 would be often too visible, did
 not I award his repeat'd blows
 and countermine the profound
 plots and dangerous trains he lays
 to blow you up and accomplish
 your misery. You may be the more
 sensible of what! I assert, if you can
 recall one late memorable occur-
 rence of your life, the most criti-
 cal and dangerous onset the ad-
 versary over made, which in the
 relation must make some impul-
 ses of horror on your Spirits
 that ever you run the hazard of
 so dangerous a Temptation; and
 breathe a Gale of joy into you
 too, that you so securely escap'd
 the Enchantment. Consult your
 memory and it will acquaint you
 that you had one morning pre-
 vented the rising Sun, and was
 retir'd into a delightful Neigh-
 bouring

bouring Meadow to take a turn
 or two, and to let loose your ac-
 tive thoughts in a pleasing Con-
 versation ; when you had now
 walked many minutes, till at a
 little distance you discerned
 most sweet and ravishing Beauty
 in the Blome of Youth, her Face
 drest in a pensive and melanchol-
 ly Air, and her Elegant Shape ar-
 ray'd with a loose and unaffected
 Garb : yet with a mixture of such
 natural Innocence and attractive
 charmes, such winning Beauty
 and Virgin sweetness that they
 would have made a Religious
 Devotee, nay an old Hermit turn
 Recreant to his vow of perpetual
 Chastity : and with a passionate
 heart have melted the frozen
 Blood of the most stupid and re-
 served *Stoick*. This lovely Fair
 appear'd to be oppressed with a
 burden

burden of some great grief, but it
 sat on so sweet a face that made
 it more winning, and caus'd
 sorrow it self to shine in so Beau-
 tiful and Captivating a dress,
 that it was a thousand times more
 engaging and victorious, then
 the most advantageous mirth,
 with dimpled smiles would have
 been seated in any other Coun-
 tenance. Tho she was of such an
 Alluring form as would have
 tempted a resolute Saint to wan-
 tonnesse, yet she pretended such
 an exact seeming modesty, as
 would have quash'd and cut off
 the hopes of a lustful Satyr, fir'd
 with an unusual desire, and exci-
 ted by her lovely sorrow and in-
 vying modesty, you was just run-
 ning into her tender Imbraces, and
 circling her slender waste, with
 the close folds of your greedy
 Armes:

Armes: I was then Addressing my self to a Province committed to my charge, when perceiving the extreame danger you was like to be overwhelm'd in, I deserted my then present Employments in the Air, and hastn'd swifter then the flight of a Winged Arrow, or falling Star to rescue you from the baneful Enchantment; this piece of Fictitious Beauty was one of those Stygian Haggs that wrap the name of *Empusa's*, a dreadful *Succubus*, an Emissary of that evill Angel that you lately view'd with Amazement, employ'd by him to Allure Mortalls into an impious passion. With their false Sweetness; and cheat them by a shining borrowed glosse and assumed beauty into a cursed carnall Fruition. If you had then Consummated your Lascivious
incl

inclinations, and [indeed without
 supernatural supplies, your Youth-
 all boyling Blood had scarce re-
 main'd] an eternal Divorce be-
 twixt you and me, must have
 ensue'd the perpetration of that
 libidinous Act, but I found the
 struggling vertue rallying all its
 forces to make head against so
 dishonourable a flame, which yet
 would soon have surrendred
 upon unhappy and disgraceful
 termes, to the powerful Besiegers
 arm'd troops of graces and beau-
 ties revelling in her Eyes, that cast
 out arrows tipt with soft fire; if
 my ready assistance had not
 brought more defensive weapons
 then your own weak and yielding
 continence could have arm'd you
 with: my presence fill'd the fair
 Lady with Consternation and
 Pannick fear, so that she could not
 retaine

retaine the Gaiety of her borrowed luster, but was forc'd to disrobe her self of her lying Ornaments, and start into her Native and Primitive colours of amazing Deformity and gaping horror. She would have vanish'd out of your sight, and dissolved into Air, but that I forc'd her to abide the test of your Eyes in her proper forme, that you might be the more apprehensive of the ruine you have been preserv'd from, and for the future take more wary and circumspect steps, and take care to arme your self against such bewitching and contagious Spectacles. I should give you a description of this *Gorgon* Monster, after she unwillingly resum'd her Hellish Physiognomy, but the impressions of your fancy perhaps may save me that labour,

ur, and I am not desirous to
 fflle the Sedate temper of your
 inde nor raise that confusion
 om the dead, which the Naked
 petition of it would procure,
 eing the sight was fearful and
 orrible beyond the largest ex-
 nt of an expressive eloquences.
 ecalling my thoughts I easily
 cover'd all the circumstances
 of the story, which time, and va-
 rious other diversions had well
 gh worn out of my memory,
 ll my faithful Monitor gave
 ne fresh hints and notices of
 hat befell me in that particular.
 What different Fluxes of passions
 uceeded the conclusion of his
 athetical account of my danger,
 nd his friendly interposition for
 ny safety ; the Extasie I instantly
 ell into, so disordred me that it
 out me out of a Capacity of ever
 since

since being able to declare. This
 I observ'd, that my Guardian
 being sensible of the Excesses and
 Transports of joy or grief, or any
 other affections, every unusual
 accident [proportionable to its
 respective Quality] put me in
 to, produc'd unaccountably [I
 could never learn how] a cu-
 rious Bottle full of unvaluable
 Liquor, Distill'd from *Ambrosia*
 Flowers in Heavn's *Alimbeck*
 for Sweetness and Excellency far
 surpassing *Nectar*, or the Gods
Hepenthe : out of this he gave
 me a drop or two, which as he
 told me would quell and repress
 my Exorbitant Passion, that
 might entertain every strange
 thing I met with in my Travell
 with an indifferent concern : that
 I might feed my self with the
 pleasures and Novelties of *Elysium*

without

without immoderate joy or
 make Admiration, which
 could not Suffer me to make
 exact remarks on the customs,
 lodge in my memory the
 observable Passages accosted me.
 We now had spent great part of
 the Evening in recounting con-
 juncencies that were somewhat
 extraordinary, and had made a
 large progress towards *Elysium*
 through the *Ætherial* Climates;
 when at my furthest, Ken I
 spy'd a curious *Ædisce* of an
 exact Globular forme, that seem'd
 to hang without the Sup-
 port of Pillar's or Collumn's,
 poised by its own natural
 weight; shineing and diffuseing
 glittering Rays all round; I
 quest it to be the Element of
 fire, which the Phylosophers so
 loudly Dispute and Wrangle, ad
 C *Infini-*

Infinitem, in the noisie and clamorous Schools ; my curiosity prompted me to ask my Guardian what that Globe of light should be, it is [replies he] the middle point, or as Philosophers love to speak, the center of the World, the stately Residence and Magnificent Temple of the undefild Goddess *Vesta* ; you thinke it of a fiery nature perchance because it appears so at that distant prospect, but know that it is only of a pure and flaming colour, presenting the Image of fire to your grosse eyes that are not yet cleans'd from the muddy dreggs of Earthy matter. I might give you a description of the Royal Pallace, but if you please we will enter in when we arrive at it, and take a transient view of all its Grandeur and Magnificence.

Magnificence. The Generous
 offer of my Guardian made a
 further Addition to the obliga-
 tion I lay under to his favours,
 and I as joyfully accepted it, as
 he voluntarily propos'd it; many
 and different Schemes had I
 drawn of the Celestial Mansion
 to my Imagination, till we
 gain'd the place; the pleasures of
 my Conception deceiveing the
 length of our Stage, and now we
 were just at the glittering and
 fulgent Gates, when I espy'd
 two Ladys, Courtiers to the
 heavenly Queen, guarding the
 entrance and brandishing two
 glittering Swords, and furnish'd
 with perfect Armour in all things
 like warring Amazons, only they
 seem'd nothing, like frail and
 deing Mortality in their mien:
 that I readily concluded them

to be appointed to keep the passage of the gates from Sawcy Pilgrims, and bold Intruders. My Guide address'd himself to those fair *Virago's*, and after a short intercourse, betwixt them in a Mysterious Dialect, and I rather think in a language of mutual quick Intelligence of thoughts, then words, he becken'd to me, intimating we had free admission; then I boldly advanc'd into the Atrium or Poarch, where another shining Lady presented me with an Ewer of Sacred and Celestial Liquor to wash my body: this says the *Vestal* Nymph, to signify the Purity and Chastity of minde, that all our Goddesses Votary's should be Endued with: these silver drops are an emblem of those pure streams of unpol-

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unpolluted Vertue, that should
 wash away the Taints of Earth-
 ness, that by that means you
 may be duely qualified for the
 approach to *Vesta's* presence; for
 no Mortal can be introduc'd
 into the awfull Deitys Mansion,
 without performing his Ceremo-
 nies. You must [continues she]
 as soon as ever you set a step in-
 to the presence Chamber, and
 come within sight of our God-
 desse's Throne, prostrate your self
 upon the Starrie Pavement, and
 with mental and corporeal A-
 doration, pay your humble re-
 verance, and devoure to her Ex-
 cellent Majesty. The rite of wash-
 ing being over, we past through
 a Gallery directly to the Glo-
 rious Place wherein the Virgin
 was seated on a Throne of fine
 Gold so beautiful, rich Gorgeous,

and Resplendent, that no Eye
 could bear the rays shot from
 that Sacret seat, and the Invinc-
 ble Artillery of *Vestas* flaming
 Eyes. All her Courtiers and At-
 tendants were incorrupt Virgins
 whose very thoughts had never
 committed Wantonness; of rare
 Beauty and of as equisite Vertues
 [which are frequently Contrarie
 and Seldom meet in the same
 Subject] most charming Maids
 infinitely lovely, and yet never in
 love, but with sacred Vertue and
 an unstain'd perpetual Virginity.
 Their Opticks as well as minds
 were too weak to behold the
 dazzling Lady in the full Zenith
 of her glory, and therefore they
 Shrouded their faces in white
 transparent Veils, that they might
 avoide the full view of her ter-
 rible and Majestick Beauty, and

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all have glance to fix their eyes
 on the adorable Object of their
 devotion ; one above the rest
 observing that I had nothing to
 cover my Face, supply'd me with
 rich Veilè of precious Snow-
 white Linnen, soft as the Down
 of gentle *Turtles*, or *Venus's Doves*;
 or, says the *Vestall Virgine*. *It is*
peice of Impudent Profaneness
and dangerous importance to ogle at
that pure Goddess with bare and na-
ked Eyes. Being thus provided, I
 put my self into the same hum-
 ble posture in which I saw the
 sweet *Votaresses* tender their ora-
 tions to *Vestas spotless Deity*, only
 it was not lawfull for me, being
 of the other Sex, and still loaded
 with Mortallity, to make any
 nearer aproaches. They mov'd
 forwards by two and two, lead-
 ing towards the Altar with Cen-

fers in their fair hands, and
 submissive Obeisance prostrate
 their Chaste Bodys on that per
 ly floor, where they address'd
 their Prayers to the Goddes in a
 sweetly accustom'd Language; which
 was utterly a stranger at what
 they pronounced in the agreeable
 tuning of their *Seraphick* Voices
 when they had accomplish'd
 the sublime rites of their Devo
 tion, the first lovely pair retreat
 ed in the same Method they
 came up, and gave roome to the
 rest of the Heavenly Quire to re
 peat their Mysterious Solemn
 ties according to their constitu
 ted Order. My thoughts and
 Eyes were fixt and eagerly gaz'd
 on the Female Worshipers, till I
 was a little Diverted by some un
 conceivable sweet, soft, and gen
 tle Musick, such as for the En
 chanting

and inchanting Sweetness, agreeing dis-
 strate world and Heavently Aires, never
 was tasted by Mortal here in the
 dress'd lower world. The Ravishing noise
 in the thought came from above,
 age; which made me look up, that
 what might see whence those Divine
 greable Aires proceeded: I presently
 Voices discovered a scene of pleasure
 plish'd more Delightful then any of the
 Devo former I met with, since I entred
 retreat the Æthereal road to *Elysium*;
 all the roof of *Vesta's* Temple
 to the was Bedeckt and Spangled with
 to re right Star's, where every one
 emni mov'd in ther own Orbs by the
 nstitu skillfull hand of an Angel, or
 s and intelligence [as natures greatest
 gazed secretary the wise Staggrite]
 s, till famous *Aristotle* [was pleas'd to
 ne un all them] by whose Regular,
 l gen smooth and even Motion is pro-
 ne En duc'd that Divine Melody, which
 anting the

the sage *Pythagoras* call'd the Har-
 mony of the *Spheres*. Whilst
 those *Luminous Orbes* were in mo-
 tion; striking such Rapturing
 Symphonys as would Charm
 the most Savage Natures into
 Complacency: As far exceeding
 the strains of *Orpheus*, as they did
 the Notes of those *Brute Animals*,
 they allur'd to a strict Attention:
 Joyn'd also by the Melodious
 voices of those bright Intelligen-
 ces which mov'd them: *Myriads*
 of shining *Female Beautys* plac'd
 themselves in Circular Form
 about the Radiant Throne of the
 Illustrious Goddess. When all
 were plac'd in Order, appearing
 like divers Lucid Spheres inclu-
 ding one another; The Goddess
 by a secret impulse, check'd the
Harmonious Motion of the Rolling
Orbes, from whence a general
 and

and profound silence ensu'd, then
 leapt forth before the Throne,
 tall, bright and Majestick
 Virgin, whose Luster had con-
 fess'd a Goddess, did not a more
 Glorious Divinity adorn the
 Throne; and with a Voice
 which struck my very Soul with
 Extacy, Warbled forth these
 Words.

T H E S O N G.

YEE Spotless Nymph's, whose Glory 'er to wait
 In Vesta's Train, her Praises Celebrate;
 Raise your Harmonious Voices, while each strain,
 The distant Valleys Eccho back again:
 Let no unchast Device, by cursed Arts
 Profane the Sanctuary of your Hearts;
 But with pure Thoughts approach her hallow'd shrine,
 For all her Rites, must be like her, Divine.

No Guile can bare the Test of her bright Eye,
 But must, amazed, from her Presence fly;
 Thy swift away like sable Shades of Night,

Before

*Before the Beams of her unsully'd Light,
 Your Incence of sweet Gums and Spice prepare,
 To fill with gratefull Steames the fluid Aire:
 Then Joyn your Instruments and Voices, while
 The pleasing Sounds make Heav'n and Earth to smile.*

Upon that their Golden Censers, which they held in their fair Hands, being fill'd with Aromatick Incence, burst out into fragrant Fumes. Then all the Quires of the inmost Spheres Joyn'd their Voices in Chorus whilst the rest touch'd their Ivory Harps and Gilded Theorbo's the Tunefull Orbes above adding their ravishing Harmony together with the Celestiall Voices of those bright Angelick Formes, which Influenc'd their Motion all, together according in one grand Chorus, the words whereof were.

THE

THE CHORUS.

MOST Glorious Goddess, Queen of Day,
 Whose sacred Flames inspire
 Illustrious Vertue and display
 Immaculate Desire.

Our Praise and Adoration, we
 Here at thy Altar Vow;
 And thus to all Eternity
 Before thy Shrine we'll Bow.

The Chorus ended, all made
 profound Reverence before the
 throne, and then the shining
 Orbes [touch'd more briskly by
 those fair Intelligences] whirl'd
 in a swifter Career, which tun'd
 to more sprightly Aires; on
 which Celestial Courtiers mov'd
 out by Couples from their re-
 spective Stations, and gradually
 fell into a Graceful Dance: for-
 ming

THE

ming a thousand Curious and
 supprising Figures ; But with
 such smooth *Traversings*, such
 Easie Motions and Modest
 Aires, that they Captivated my
 Eyes with an Eternal Desire of
 beholding them Their exercise
 at length drawing towards a
 Conclusion, they Danc'd off in
 Couples, as first they advanc'd,
 and seated themselves in their
 former Order. The Stage being
 clear'd, a Melodious Flourish
 began in soft Notes, gradually
 increasing to a loud Confort of
 Trumpets, Echo'd and Repea-
 ted back, by all the distant Hills
 Valleys, and Groves: Whilst the
 Flourish was Sounding, a large
 Orbicular *Table* arose, filling all
 the space, incompass'd by the in-
 most Sphere, and cover'd with
 the most Precious and Odorife-

rous

ous, Viands ; The Dishes were
transparent Cristal of the Rock,
filled up with Fruits of divers O-
rient colours, *Aromatick Flavours*,
and *Ambrosial Tastes* ; gather'd
from *Plants* which spring up
from the *Exuberant Soil* of those
blest *Regions* : Compar'd to
which our richest and most de-
licious Fruits, in their full ma-
ture Prime, when they gush forth
their sprightliest *Juice*, seem flat
and insipid. The Cups were
made each out of one entire *Gem*,
some of *Diamonds*, others of *Ru-*
ys, *Amethysts*, *Saphires*, and many
far more Illustrious then these,
for which we want Names,
known onely in these happy Cli-
mates, being taken from the *Ce-*
lestial Mines. These all flow'd
with Divine *Nectar* ; which being
tasted, Infus'd a thousand Extat-
tick

tick Joys, expressing themselves
 by heightning the Beauty of
 their glorious Formes. The God-
 defs had a particular service,
 which crown'd a more lofty
 Frame before the Throne; but all
 the Equipage of her Table was
 so Illustrious, that the most preg-
 nant Conception, cannot form
 a faint *Idea* of it, much less
 find words to express it by: and
 was all the while attended by da-
 zeling Beautys of the first Order.
 When those of the first Circle
 had Regal'd themselves, they
 mov'd off, whilst their places were
 supply'd by the next, and so to
 the last; the Table being at eve-
 ry Appearance fresh Cover'd. Du-
 ring their Royal Repast, the *Cir-
 culating Luminaries*, together with
 the Voices of the winged Mini-
 sters which tan'd their Lays, ac-
 corded

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orded in supprising Sympho-
 ys; the ravishing Notes struck so
 on my *Nerves* and Parts, sen-
 ble of such Impression, that by
 pleasing Tittellation they were
 ut into a trilling Motion, and
 y subtiller and more sublima-
 ed Spirits, danc'd and kept Time
 with the Enchanting Musick;
 y Soul struggled to be loosed
 om her Bodily Confinement,
 at she might have a freer and
 uler perception of those Raptur-
 g sounds, and Joyn her self to
 he Celestial Chorus. The Attra-
 tive Power of the Melodious
 ures insensibly raised me higher
 towards the shining Choristers,
 nd their sidential Instruments;
 ut my Condition and Earthly
 attraction, hindr'd me from
 ounting any Considerable
 ight. Often did the Secret Ma-
 D gick

gick and Magnetical Charms,
draw me up as it were by invis-
ble Pullies; but still my innate
weight and sluggish Gravity, over-
ballanc'd my Aspiring Motion
and hall'd me back again: So
that I was almost weary of my
dull, inactive Load of Matter
that enviously impeded my near-
er approach to that Enormous
Bliss. The Magnificent Collation
being ended, the Illustrious God-
dess descended from her Radian
Throne, and withdrew from
the Seraphick Throng: when she
was retir'd, these Flaming Beau-
ties entertain'd themselves, with
Relations of her Glorious Acti-
ons, worthy to be recorded in
the Eternal Rolls of Fame, and
meriting the Loudest Blast of her
Sonorous Trumpet. An elder
Graduate first rose up [the re
Address

addressing with profound At-
 tention] and said. You all well
 know the sweet *Arcadian* Plains,
 where careful Shepherds and fair
 Shepherdesses tend their Bleat-
 ing Floks. Passing their Lucid In-
 tervals in Rural sports ; whilst
 their soft hours gently slide a-
 way, as in the state of Innocence,
 the first Golden Age ; when
 Saturn's equal Scepter sway'd
 the World, before he was depo-
 sed by Ambitious *Jove*, whose
 arbitrary sway first introduc'd
 Tyranny and wicked Arts ; which
 are to these happier Swains
 unknown. Here with an hum-
 ble Magnanimity they contemn
 the vanity of such, who with
 eternal Toil and Hazardous Fa-
 tigue, clime up the Precipice of
 Honour, in Fantastick, Noisey
 and Tumultuous Courts ; where

if they ever reach the slippery
 Top, they are giddy with the
 dismal Prospect down, and often
 by precipitous Descent, loose in
 one Moment, what cost an Age
 pains to gain : Nay when their
 Acquisition and Possession, are
 both but one continued Course
 of slavery : being slaves to the
 worst of Tyrants, to anxious
 cares and feares of perillous
 Events. They are undisturb'd by
 Wars Alarms, they rest secure
 whilst the Stormes and Tempests
 which ruffle the Litigious World
 fly o're their humble Cottages
 They seek no Artful Composi-
 tions, to raise by Poignant Sauce
 their depraved Appetites, or by
 more luscious mixtures over-
 charge depressed Nature, cau-
 sing, by their Malignant Fumes
 [in their sick Imaginations] Ter-
 rific

sick Dream, but contented
 with Natures simple Product,
 enjoy good Blood, and Alacri-
 ty Spirits, whilst Joy and Glad-
 ness [the *Elixar* of Health]
 builds their blithe Countenances:
 their Nocturnal Hours crown'd
 with Downey Rest, and inspir'd
 by their Salubrious Constitu-
 tions] with pleasing and De-
 lightful Visions. They are not
 acquainted with cursed Gold
 and all its detestable Effects;
 That flagitious Parent of Frauds,
 Rapes, Murders, Sacrilege, and
 all Impieties which Infest the rest
 of wretched Mankind; Nor at
 the danger and expences of Lives,
 seek Foreign needless Curiosi-
 ties: but satisfy'd with what suf-
 fices Nature, enjoy a full Con-
 tentation, the supream of Earthly
 Felicities. Their Honest words

and Actions, are the free Emanations of most sincere and uncorrupted Hearts: And their Amour free from Lust, Interest and Fraud. When a Gay, Sprightly Youth beholds a Blooming Virgin whose Charms are adequate to his Desires; he nere consults his Guardian, nor Chaffers Mercenarily about her Dower, but is satisfy'd with those inestimable Jewels of Beauty, Youth and Vertue, yeilds himself a Captive to those Irresistable Powers: The Nymph [Arm'd which her native Innocence, and fearing no surprize by Guileful Arts] gives up the Treasure of her Heart to his unfeign'd Affection: *Hymen* then lights the Nuptial Torch and Blesses the Prolifick Pair with a Numerous and Healthy Progeny: And all their following

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owing hours slide away in Mu-
 al Endearments, Chast Desires
 ad happy Contentation. Yet
 uch [alas] is the imperfect state
 of Humane Felicity, That ere
 ince the Giants first invaded
 Heav'n, and by enormous
 Crimes rebell'd against. The So-
 verignty of *Jove* [not deeming
 that his Bolt of Vengeance, had
 force to drive them to the Cen-
 ter ; nay, and to fix them in the
 Stygian Sound, Chain'd in that
 flaming Lake, to bear the Eter-
 nal Scourges of Omnipotence,
 there to regret in Torturs their
 flagitious Lives.] Their Auda-
 cious Impieties [*Gigantick* like
 themselves] have wrested such
 Curses from unwilling Heav'n,
 on all their Posterity, that no
 condition of Life can be secure
 from the assaults of Inauspicious

Contingencies. And altho' innate
 Vertue invigorates the Mind, tho'
 better to support their ponder-
 ous weight, yet it cannot wholly
 exempt them from their Nox-
 ious Attacks. It was but lately
 on those happy Plains, upon a
 Festival, Sacred to the Goddess
Ceres, when all the Nymphs and
 Swains, the Shepherds and the
 Shepherdeses met together to
 Celebrate her accustom'd Rites,
 with Musick, Dancing and other
 rural Entertainments; a great
Arcadian Prince, [Lord of that
 Soil] being desirous to relax his
 mind a while from Anxious
 cares which constantly attend the
 Helm of State, came in Disguise
 to see their Harmless sports. He
 soon observ'd, amongst the Vir-
 gin Throng a Beauty so surpass-
 ing all the rest, that like the God

of

innat Day, where ere she mov'd,
 nd, the other Stars were bury'd in
 ponde her Luster. Eternal spring sat
 wholly blooming on her Face; her Eyes
 Noxot Beams, inflam'd all who be-
 lately held her, yet [like that Luminous
 upon a Orb] she felt not that warmth in
 her self which she infus'd in o-
 thers; she breath'd forth *Arabian*
 nd the spices and Aromatick Gums:
 her to and when her easie, graceful
 Rites, motion in a Dance, had provok'd
 l other breathing, Balmey sweat, most
 great Odoriferous Effluviiums Issu'd
 of that from all her Pores. Her Elegant
 lax his shape was the Perfection of Sym-
 nxious metry; and her whole Person
 nd the emphatically charming. Prince
 fguise *Lucidore* [for so he was call'd]
 s. He no sooner beheld her, but his
 e Vir- Youthful Blood boil'd in his
 urpass- Veins, ready [like *Ætna*] to
 e God make fiery Eruptions, and from
 of that

that moment sought to make
 her his Prize ; But being of a va-
 cious Nature, her Beauty 'twas
 inflam'd him; her Vertue had no
 influence ore him, for that he
 wish'd, as distant from her fair
 Body, as the Poles of Heav'n
 therefore his senses only were
 Captivated, whilst Pride reign'd
 Monarch of his Ambitious soul
 which made him scorn to take
 one of her humble Birth, for
 Partner in his Throne. Inter-
 upon the accomplishment of his
 leud Purposes, he watch'd all
 Opertunities to make the first
 Essay. The Sun had compass'd
 now their Hemisphere, and giv-
 alone the Tops of lofty Moun-
 tains, leaving his Eastern Empe-
 res to the Regency of fair *Lucina*
 who mounting from the shade
 below, began to display her

Beamy

Beamy Tresses; at length arri-
 ving to their Zenith, the Swains
 concluded their great Festival;
 and all retired to their several
 Abodes. Young *Lucidore*, who
 had explor'd each Act and Mo-
 tion of his Charming *Silvia* [for
 so he heard her Nam'd] and
 being disguis'd in habit of a
 Shepherd, on the first Oppor-
 tunity, offer'd his conduct by a
 nearer, tho unfrequented way,
 to her Fathers Cottage, she [In-
 nocent and therefore not dis-
 trustful] accepted of his Offer.
 They soon were seperated from
 all the other Votaries of Ceres,
 when he impatient of one Mo-
 ments loss, resolved to attack her
 Chastity; he thought the softest
 Introduction to such tender In-
 nocence, might be an Amorous
 Song; and that sweet, complain-
 ing

ing Notes might imperceptibly
infuse the subtil Poyson, where-
fore [being blest with a most
Harmonious Voice] he thus
began.

THE SONG.

When farring Automs, in wild Discord lay,
And Chaos bore an Universal sway:

Eternal Love the Strife beheld,

And their Malignitys expell'd;

Commanding Matter to advance,

And lead up an Eternal Dance;

His great Commands were strait obey'd,

Whilst by according Notes, the Heav'ns and Earth were made

As love first built this Universal Frame,

His pow'rful Influ'ence still supports the same:

Such sweet agreeing Sympathy,

In all th' Harmonious Parts we see,

Which in such happy Consort Roll,

(True to themselves, true to the whole)

That

That Men below and Gods above,

Knowledge and admire th' Omnipotence of Love.

And can fair Silvia from his Charms be free,

Whose Composition is all Harmony?

Will she alone despise his Shrine?

Contemn his Power as not Divine?

Contemn the Flames which he Inspires,

And not be warm'd by his soft Fires?

Can she alone in Cruelty

Delight; and let her sad despairing Lover Dye.

Fair Silvia soon perceiv'd a different style from what she had been accusom'd to, a different Mite and Meen too in the Performer, which made her jealous of an Impostor, and put her on her Guard. When Lucidore had ended his Song, he prosecuted the Intent of it, with all the Amorous Eloquence, his gay Fancy and Prompt Wit could inspire; and being used to deceive,

the

the Notions flow'd upon his
 Young, too powerful for a weak
 er vertue to resist : but she re-
 ceiv'd his sharp attacks [firm as
 the *Adamant* to a softened Edge
 without the least Impression. He
 then profanely invoc'd [tho
 conscious of his Guilt] the im-
 mortal Gods to attest his Prote-
 stations, which he bound with
 the most sacred Vows, (for when
 the Blood boils in the Veins, the
 Tongue is Prodigious of Oaths) But
 her bright Chastity, (fixt like a
 Rock against the assaulting sur-
 ges) render'd all those Efforts in-
 Vain: and her Majestick Vertue
 by an awful Frown had struck
 him Dumb; did not the Privi-
 cy and silence add fuel to his
 Flames, which now rose up to
 such an height, that he resolv'd
 to gain by force, what all his
 Rhe-

etorick could nere obtain.
 When she observ'd the Furnace
 his Brest to send forth sparkles
 through his Lustful Eyes, she slipt
 her hand from his, and imp'd
 the Wings of Fear, swift like
 an Arrow from a *Parthian* Bow,
 she fled to an adjacent Grove: He
 followed her with like Celerity,
 as a famish'd Tiger doth a Fleet.
 And that newly had deceiv'd
 his Gripe: whilst in her Flight
 she thus Address'd our Goddess.
 Help *Vesta*, help thy Votaress!
 protect that Chastity I have
 vow'd before thy Shrine! If thou
 neglectest to succour thine Ado-
 rers, who shall raise Altars to
 thee or feed their Flames with
 incense? The Goddess heard and
 by a Miracle confess'd her Di-
 vinity; raising a Mist just as she
 enter'd the Grove: by which
 means

means *Lucidore* mistook the
 Path, and following the incen-
 tives of his Lust, was erroneously
 brought into a dark recess, (by
 a secret impulse of the Deity
 where a sooty *Æthiope* had re-
 tir'd to drown in sleep the La-
 bours of the Day. To whom
 when *Lucidore* was arriv'd, he
 clasp'd the unweildy form with
 in his eager Armes; but soon
 perceiv'd he had mistook his
 Game; yet curious to be satisfy'd
 in his adventure, he haled he
 out from that obscure Retreat.
 When by *Lucina's* Beames, he dis-
 cover'd a more loathsome Lump
 of Deformity, then Imagination
 could represent. At which his
 Nerves relax'd, his Hair erected
 stood like Quills of *Porcupines*
 and all his Blood retir'd to suc-
 cour his labouring Heart, sup-
 pris'd

ok the is'd with Horrour at the Ter-
 incen sick Vision. At length recollect-
 niouss his diffus'd Spirits, he judg'd
 fs, (b the Apparition to be an In-
 Deity rnal Succubus sent by the Gods
 had re to terrify him from his Flagitious
 the La purposes : at which those few
 whom arks of Vertue which remai-
 v'd, h ed in him unextinguish'd, kin-
 n with ed a brighter Flame: and [being
 it foot vour'd, by the Auspices of our
 ok h eity] purify'd his whole Soul ;
 atisfy om which time he hath Vow'd
 led he elebacy, and continued a strick
 Retrea otary at *Vesta's* shrine : whilst
 s, he di *Iulia* duely observes an Anni-
 e Lum rary Day of Praise for her De-
 gination verance. Thus our Goddess
 nch h ho delights more in Mercy
 erected en in Vengeance, whilst she
 cupines roted one, she converted the
 to suc her, and receiv'd him to her
 rt, sup avour. When she had finish'd
 pris

E her

her Relation, all the Quire
 Joyn'd in a Grand Chorus set
 ing forth the Praise and Glory
 of their Deity ; which ended
 another arose to give an ac-
 count of a like adventure, ten-
 ding to *Vesta's* Honour ; But
 tho I could have wish'd my
 stay much longer in *Vesta* Tem-
 ple, and agreeably have bestowed
 a larger share of time in hearing
 those delightful Narrations, and
 to observe all the Recesses of the
 Sacred Chappel, that I might
 view all the Curiosities and Ra-
 rities that are there to be found
 yet my principal Design aimed
 not thither, and upon that ac-
 count as soon as the Chorus cea-
 ed their Harmonies, I had an
 Inclination to depart and pos-
 away to *Elysium*, to overtake, or
 at least there meet with my im-
 patient

impatient Desires, and swift
 thoughts, that arriv'd there
 long before I did. My Resolu-
 tion I committed to my Guar-
 dian, who no sooner heard than
 condescended to my Requests.
 The Lady *Portresses* were ready
 to open the Gates, and give me
 the acceptable liberty of set-
 ting afresh upon my interrupted
 journey; having done my De-
 voirs to the bright Virgins [for
 I know not what pass'd between
 the Angel of my Nativity and
 the spotless *Vestals* at our De-
 parture] we briskly enter'd
 upon our Way; and my Guar-
 dian pass'd a great many Refle-
 ctions, and Moral Censures upon
 the Things and Actions we
 heard and saw in the *Aerial Pa-*
lace of Vesta; over which I shall
 present draw a Curtain, they

being disagreeable to the Genius
of my Design in this Enterprize
who intend not to clog my Reader
with costly Dishes of *Erbick*
and Moral Philosophy, but sweeten
the Pallate of his Affections
with pleasant Histories, and de-
lightful Narratives of exalted
Love, and noble Passion. I must
acknowledge that what ever my
Guide discoursed was all Divine
infinite worthy the most strict
Attention, and tenacious Re-
membrance, but I may perhaps
have occasion to speake of what
the Heavenly Philosopher deli-
vered more opportunely upon
another Subject, and therefore
shall now supercede it and at-
tend to the procedure of my
Story. Several other Mirac-
lous Sights occurred in the Star-
Tracts, and our *Ætherial* Voy-
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es none of which I took so par-
 ticular a cognizance of, I was so
 vehemently desirous of attain-
 ing the Period of my Travels
 and Wishes, the delicious Feilds
 of Blessed *Elysium*. In a short
 space my Angel and I were come
 very near the Entrance into *Ely-*
um; I guessed it to be about
 the hour [in the lower World]
 when Night and Day seem'd to
 struggle for the Mastery, for the
 faint Day being exhausted by
 the dusky Rencounters of the
 Daughters of Hell, yeilds her
 Superiority and flies to the
 expecting Antipodes; while
 Night begins triumphantly to
 display her sable Colours over
 our Hemisphere. On Light une-
 qual Contest betwen Light and
 Darkness we use to bestow the
 name of Twylight. We were

now passed through the narrow
 Gate that leads into the smiling
 Paradise, through a shady, green
 and obscure Walk, all bestrew'd
 with curious growing flowers
 and beset on both sides with rare
 Arbours, blossoming Groves
 and stately Trees, scattering
 all round *Aromatick* Smells, and
 more then *Arabian* Odours, and
 bearing most inviting Fruit
 beyond the Orchards and rich
 Plantations of the *Hesperides*
 when presently I was forc'd to
 retire, and give way to an innu-
 merable Company of defunct
 Ghosts, and naked Spirits, who
 issued out in full *Shoals*: And
 observed there were two distinct
 Companies who kept a conve-
 nient Distance one from ano-
 ther, and cut the Air with incre-
 dible Swiftnes. Yet I could view
 them

them *en passant* ; and observe
 at a wonderful Paleness and
 melancholly Sadness appeared
 in them all ; and tho they were
 separate Essences, and Spiritual
 beings, who are freed from dull
 Bodies and Appendix of Earth ;
 yet they carried some manifest
 symptoms of a Longing after
 something withing the Circum-
 ference of this Material and de-
 caying World. When all the
 troops and Swarmes of pale
 ghosts were marched by us, my
 pregnant swelling Thoughts
 were restless and impatient for
 delivery, I was going to beg the
 usual Assistance of my Guide to
 unfold these riddles ; but in this
 in other Emergencies he was
 quicker to confer his help then I
 was to desire it, and his Zeal to
 satisfie me moved in quicker

Careere, then my own Request
 to receive Satisfaction. Giving
 me a small breathing while, to
 pause and feed my Admiration.
 With his accustomed Angelicall
 Eloquence, he straight thus be-
 gun to clear my Doubts and
 Ignorance, by telling me what
 these Troops of Spirits were,
 whither they were bound, and
 what their ends and Intention
 were, in rallying out about that
 precise Portion of Time which
 I mentioned above, you may
 very reasonably admire, seeing
Elysium is a place of inutterable
 pleasure, why these Wandring
 shades should Rove about and
 be so desirous of leaving their
 Paradise, what they are in Pur-
 suit of, that can afford so sweet
 a Gust to their Palates, as the
 Rarity of Delights which is scat-

tered

ered up and down those Fields
 of Light. To free you from Scr-
 ules in this Matter, be assured
 that there are some Disturban-
 ces and petty Troubles, even in
 the Station of Happiness it self,
 but such as like Poignant Sawce
 to Lucious Meats Exagerrate the
 Pleasure, and Joys thereof, in
 Conclusion by giving them a
 better Gusto, and more agreeable
 Relish. And this may be spoken
 without Limitation of most of
 the *Elysian* Inhabitants, but some
 of those that are placed in the
 Rank of Lovers are ruffled by
 some reall Troubles and tor-
 menting Cares, yet such as are
 generally soon succeeded with
 advanced Joys that carry no
 Clog or Surfeit in their repea-
 ted enjoyments, nor in their
 Duration admit of any Period.
 We

We saw you know two Com-
 pames distinct pass by, the for-
 mer was compounded of deso-
 late Lovers, who have quit the
 Stage of Mortallity, and are
 made Denizens of *Elysium*; but
 have every one left that behind
 them which cheifly makes it so
 to them, and are now Alive
 whilst these in the state of Im-
 mortallity are Dying incessantly
 for want of their animating Pre-
 sence and desired Embraces.
 They cannot fully taste the
 Sweets of this Blessed Place, be-
 cause the objects of their Passion
 remain on Earth, and so they
 cannot have their dear Compa-
 ny to share those Joys with
 them, which have this strange
 Property, that they are less by
 being enjoy'd solely by One, and
 far greater by being devided
 betwixt

betwixt Two. What is delivered
 already, pursues my Guardian,
 may give some Light into the
 reason of their sad Looks and
 hastily Paleness: they are still
 languishing in Love: and brooke
 the absence of the Dear Ob-
 jects of Thoughts with more Im-
 patience than ever they Did,
 while they kept their Station in
 the Vale of Infelicities, the lower
 World, this makes them even
 weary of the Fields of Light and
 gliss it self; and wish to put off
 the shining Robes of Immorta-
 lity and become Mortal again,
 that they may Enjoy their for-
 mer Lovers in such strict Em-
 braces and close Endearments, as
 their Spiritual Nature is not ca-
 pable of, with a Corporal Form
 of flesh and Blood. And be-
 cause every one of these have left
 their

their second selves more Loved
 than the First behind them, they
 are not admitted into the Society
 of mutual Contracted Couples
 neither can they expect it, till
 their respective lovely Charmers
 by bidding Farewel to Mortal
 lity, compleat their Happiness
 and make 'em free of the Society
 of Faithful Lovers in Celebrated
Elysium. They Wander up and
 down the Flowry, smiling Feilds
 in a pensive and lonesome So
 litariness, not having nor desir
 ing any Commerce with any of
 their fellow Inhabitants, except
 those of the same Condition
 Pining and Widdowed Spirits
 into whose Ears they will Power
 and from whom they will at
 tentively Receive long and move
 ing Storys of their Terrestial
 Amorous Engagements. What

remains

remains of the Day, not bestow-
 ed upon these pleasing Collo-
 quies, is spent either in silent Me-
 ditation of all the blissful Cir-
 cumstances of their former A-
 mours, or Warbling their Sera-
 phick Songs of Love, in a mourn-
 ful and Elegant Strain, so to the
 very height of Passion, that the
 gliding Rivers may Condole,
 and Sympathise with their Sigh-
 ing Lays, and the Hollow Groves
 return the Name of the be-
 loved Mortal in a sorrowful and
 heart pearcing *Eccho*. They will
 imprint their Verses and smooth
 Poems on the Leaves and Backs
 of Trees, and so frequently go
 over their sweet Trifles [if any
 Product of such rare Love may
 be sullied with that Name] that
 the pretty Parti-Coloured Fre-
 holders of the Woods, the pain-
 ted

ted Birds, by listning to them
as they sit on the boughs of
Neighbouring Tree, will learn
their melting Lines, and Chaun
them in their shady Palaces, by
Tuneing their Shrill Voices to
warbling Treble. This with eve
ry other Passage, confirmed m
farther in my Opinion, that the
Inhabitants of *Elysium* are unde
the soft sway of the same plea
sing Passions and Affections a
we are, and they themselves were
whilst of the same Rank and
Condition. But my Celestial
Companion made a Progress in
his begun Discourse, to this Im
port, This, says he, is their Em
ployment, and Troublesome
shall I say, or Delightsome Taske
they willingly impose upon
themselves, while the Author of
the Worlds publick Light is de
scribing

tribing the Triumphant Arch in
 the Heaven ; but when Night
 draws her Stygian Mantle over
 the World, and all Mortals, save
 those whom the same reason
 keeps Awake, give themselves
 to rest ; these restless Spirits, hur-
 led on by the Imperious Fury
 of their love, every Night leave
Elysium, and take a Nocturnal
 voyage into the lower World ;
 repairing to the Places which
 possess the commanding Sove-
 reigns of their Hearts : that they
 may have the happiness of wait-
 ing on the sweet Mortals *Incog-
 nito*, unseen and unperceived,
 and attend their Motions all
 Night, if awake ; or obsequious-
 ly secure their dear Charge, if
 in Innocent Slumbers. Now we
 will suppose one of our desolate
 lovers to be arrived in his Mi-
 stresses

stesses World, he strait direct
 himself to her Apartment, if the
 chance to walk out, the Officious
 and Amorous Spirit will be his
 Beloveds Convoy, will shelter
 her from the Onset of any Fear
 or Danger, and if any Audacious
 mortal pretend to be the invis-
 ble Courtiers Rivall, he will fill
 him with Confusion and omi-
 nous Apprehensions of terrour
 to fright him away from his un-
 successful Pretences. Again, if the
Elysian Lover finds his adm-
 red Nymph, laid down on her
 Couch, when Sleep has sealed
 her Radiant Eyes, and every
 sense is lockt in peaceful Rest
 he will settle in the Beatific
 Room, repose himself on her
 Toylet, as near the Lovely Ra-
 visher as he can, and think him-
 self in a Paradise far surpassing

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direct is now despised *Elysium*: so long
 t, it sh and steadily will he gaze on the
 fficient beauties of the sleeping *Venus*,
 be h at the weak Organs of his Eyes,
 shelter model'd out of thin Air, will be-
 y Fear n to crack and faint in the
 lacion easant Employment, oft will he
 invis al a Kiss [oft more then one]
 will fi om her warm Lipps, and re-
 d om yce as much in the innocent
 errour heff, as *Alexander* in the Con-
 his un quest of the World. So many
 a, if th mes will he repeat these wanton
 adm alliances, till a brisk and Vigo-
 on he us Heat Proceeding from the
 sealed circulation of his Beloved Vir-
 every n's Blood, inspires the Parti-
 Ref es of the cold and Airy Sub-
 eatific ance, with a rapid Motion, that
 on he near melting the borrowed
 ly Ra tter, and dispoiling the eager
 k him amorate of his further bliss-
 passing Caresses. For a pure seperate
 h F Ghost,

Ghost, strip of his Bodily Veile
 cannot have any Commerce o
 Intercourse with Flesh and Blood
 and therefore the prudent. Cour
 tier, as he comes through the Ae
 rial Tracts and Region of Va
 pours, Shapes and Forms, a rud
 Mass of Cold Air into an Orga
 nized Body, to the intent he ma
 view the Charms of his Dea
 Saint, and now and then, wi
 harmless Violence, ravish a Ki
 After this manner the *Es*
sian Inamorato behaves himse
 in his Mistresses Apartment, an
 makes the best Improvements
 those short liv'd Moments th
 pass away with wing'd spee
 Nere seems old Time to mar
 on with a swifter Course an
 more precipitate Career, th
 when he is wasting thote p
 cious, fleeting Hours, where
 Love

Lovers are enjoying one ano-
 thers Society, and breathing out
 their Soul in gentle Sighs and
 panting Languishments. The
 same may be applied to our *Ely-*
sian Wanderer, allowing some
 grains of due Respect to him, in
 Proportion to his Spiritual Na-
 ture and vast Elevation above
 the Sons of Earth. At last the
 dawn of unwelcome Light peeps
 into the Room, or the Shril
 Herald of the Morning gives no-
 tice of the Days Approach. Upon
 this Alarm the Spirits prepare for
 an unwilling Departure ; they
 must begon at *Chaunticleers*
 loud Peal ; they must not be seen
 in these lower Regions by the
 peircing Eye of the Heaven's
 Golden Charrioteer. And our di-
 vine Gallant, among the rest of
 the Loving Shades, knowing he

can stay no longer, in that sweet
 Enchanted Place, sealing a part-
 ing Kiss on the soft Lipps of his
 beloved, unperceived, takes a si-
 lent farwel, and instantly makes
 for his Celestial Habitation, with
 Angelical speed, and mounts up
 to the Green and Blooming Feilds
 of Paradise, swifter then Light-
 ning that parts the opening
 Skye, or the flight of immaterial
 Thought. By this time proceeds
 the sacred Oratour, you may
 fully understand who those of
 the first Company are, *Elysian*
 Spirits, whose constant Lovers
 are still upon Earth, not rendred
 into their Arms by the stroak of
 the cruel King of Shades, whom
 they entertain every night below,
 and pay 'em invisible Visits. The
 second Company that imme-
 diately followed them, is com-
 posed

of such as in their Life-
 were Candidates of Ho-
 our, Warlike and Victorious
 Heros, whose grand Design was
 to signalize themselves, by some
 piece of Bravery and gallant En-
 treprize beyond the low reach of
 a base *Plebeian*. These men dis-
 dained [as they in their Rodo-
 mantado Language of War used
 to speak] to Whine and Sigh in
 Effeminate Camps of *Venus*, but
 would be always faithful Vota-
 ries of the warlike God, had ra-
 ther be in the head of an Army,
 briskly charging an Enemy, or
 attacking a City, than Besieging
 the yielding Fort of a weak Wo-
 mans Chastity; took more plea-
 sure in the Thundering Musick
 of a Cannon, and the loud Ala-
 rums of Drums and sweet
 mouth'd Trumpets; than the soft

gentle Airs of a Lure, or the capti-
 vating Voice of a Charming
 Beauty. Honour was the Mistress
 of their Soul, and their only am-
 bition was to Register up their
 Memory in the Annals of Time
 and make their names swell and
 look Big in the Roles of Fame.
 Alas these hopeful Probationers
 for Glory and puissant Deeds,
 nere compleatly accomplished
 their Great Attempts, but perish-
 ed, and their Designs with them.
 Victorious Death cut of their
 Lives and Hopes at one Blow,
 and suffered them not to reap
 that large Harvest of Lawrels,
 which should have made Gar-
 lands to Crown their conqu-
 ring Temples. From their un-
 timely Fate, you may guess with
 what Reluctancy they bore the
 Separation of their Mind and
 Body,

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 Mistress
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 s with
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 Body,

Body, the Conjunction of which
 could only make them Masters
 of their noble Designs. And al-
 though they have a delightful
 Retirement allotted to them in
 the Feilds of Bliss, yet cannot
 their great Souls continue them-
 selves in their Heavenly Abodes;
 but almost every one [after the
 Lovers example] must take a
 Voyage into their Quondam
 Country, the Earth, where the
 Departed Ghosts of the Famous
 Heroes repair to the Graves and
 Monuments, which in their cold
 Wombs hold their Dear and
 now mouldring Bodies. Whether
 it be out of a fond and groundless
 Supposition, that they may be
 once more United, and enter a-
 gain on the Stage of the World,
 to act a noble part of Courage
 and Valour, or that upon sweet

Remembrance of their brave Chain is
 exploits in the state of Conjun- ous I
 ction, they are still hovering o' out his
 the Place that hold their dea ers all
 Mate in Eternal Slumbers ; o attract
 that the precious Oyl of life, th he will
 radical Moysture, by its deli among
 cious Scent and gentle Streaming shades,
 in the Air, draws down the Sou Warri
 to cast its ravishing Odours by some c
 a Chain of unknown Simpathy, quity,
 cannot determine. But as sure asumes
 Certainty it self, the dark Re noble
 treatment where their Bodies lyed P
 Entomb'd, possess some spiritual Hector
 Magick, and some strange secret at the
 Witchcraft, that upon account Warri
 of former Intimate and too close or the
 to be expressed Acquaintance, tern S
 pulls the Widdowed Spirit from er fell
 his Celestial habitation, towards mer ;
 its own Center, with more forc mer P
 ble attraction, than the Stoical y rec
 Chain

Chain is Supposed ; or the Efflu-
 vious Load-stone, that breaths
 out his Amorous Soul, and scat-
 ters all his Chains of Charms, to
 attract and win to his embraces
 the willing and Enamoured Steel.
 Among the Train of Heroical
 Shades, composed of a number of
 Warriours, *Sans Nombre*, marched
 some of the Worthies of Anti-
 quity, that have filled large Vo-
 lumes with brave Stories of their
 noble Atchievements and deser-
 ved Panegyriks. *Achilles* and
Hector led the Van, and tho
 at the Siege of *Troy* these great
 Warriours were furious Rivals
 for the Favour of Bloody *Mars's*
 stern Sister, *Bellona*, and the lat-
 ter fell by the Hands of the for-
 mer, now they forget their for-
 mer Pickerings, and are perfect-
 ly reconciled without the least
 Re-

Resentment of their former Animosities. The stout and daring *Trojan* generally reflects on this with some Regret, that the cruel Sisters cut of his Thread of Life too soon; he would have liv'd to see the invading *Greeks* forced to take shipping and make a Retreat from the Royal City, leaving them long and hazardous Siege; which they had infallibly done, had he not been too soon snatch'd away, seeing his single personal Valour had protracted the Siege to ten Years Length; The Duration of his Life would have spun as far as his Wish could have extended, and he would willingly have been Sacrific'd the next Moment, if he could have rescued *Troy* from being finally sack'd, his Citizens from the Sword, his Royal Parents, dead

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 ndromache, and his tender Son,
 rom ruin and Captivity by his
 own puffed and matchless
 arm. The *Grecian* Cheifrain too
 ould not but deplore the cruel-
 of his Stars, that the Glories
 of his Valour, and famous Victo-
 y, should all be obscured by a
 mean fall, and such a prosperous
 success and hopeful beginning
 ould set in so Ignominious
 and low a *Catastrophe*. For after
 some few Addresses to a shining
 lady, he had prevail'd with her
 o consent to surrender all her
 Virgin Sweets to his longing
 arms : And now nothing was
 efire to compleat the panting
 ishing joys, but the perfor-
 mance of Nuptial Ceremonies
 in the consecrated Temples of
 the Goddess of Love. The Espou-
 sed Couple meet full of longing
 Ex-

Expectation, the fierce Souldier
 had put off his Helmet and Mail
 and all his Warlike Dress, had laid
 aside his grim and threatening
 Countenance, and endeavour'd
 to appear all Myrth, Sweetness
 and Gayety. The Couple were
 just joyning their Hands, and
 tying the Indissoluble. Know
 when a cowardly Archer that
 sculked treacherously behind
 a Marble Pillar directed a Winged
 Shaft at the warlike Lover
 which with a mortal Wound
 depriv'd him of his Mistress, his
 Life, and the Honour of Dying
 the Head of armed Troops; the
 two last of which were far more
 cutting to one that was mixt
 composed of Martial Courage
 and Resolution, and of Amorous
 Softness and tender Languishing
 for the Charming Sex. Tho

Valian

aliant Worthies made the fore-
 mentioned Disaster the occasion
 their Complaints ; yet as I
 fied by, I could see some smi-
 g pleasure dance in their Mien,
 rough the Delectation they
 conceived in their Voyage. After
 these two Sons of Mars and Ho-
 ur, folowed *Alexander the Great*
 rieving still after he had made
 the World to bow [as he mis-
 ok] to his God-like Valour and
 unequal Prowess, there were no
 ore to subdue, and seeming
 ensive and Dull, that after all
 is incredible Expeditions, after
Darius, and the *Indians* over-
 row, he must barely Dye by
 reachery at *Babylon* in the midst
 of Triumphs and Splendour ;
 with him walkt Hand in Hand
Carthaginian Hannibal, for he
 died by a poisonous Ball as well
 as

as the other, but in this the Case differed, the one was his own Executioner, for fear of living Ignobly in Roman Chains the other in his liberal Quaffing and plentiful Cups, received the fatal Portion from a slavish Courtier. These two Demy Gods were followed by a royal Pair, not inferiour to the former, in fortitude and Military Conduct; and such as might Sympathize with them for the likeness of their Misfortunes. One *Charles* the 5th Duke of *Lorraine* and Generalissimo of the Imperial Forces, an Heroe, whose name carries its praise with it inseparably. He took *Buda* by Storm, gave so many Blows to the Ottoman Power in *Hungary*, that the Grand Seignior scarce thought himself secure in *Constantinople*.

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And so great a Terrour did he
 strike in the unbelieving Mus-
 sulman that 100000 would fly
 at the Approach of the renown-
 ed Leader. At length having
 expell'd the *Mahometan* Unbe-
 lievers out of *Hungary*, he was
 turning his Valour against the
 aspiring Greatness, and designed
 a universal Monarchy of the Gal-
 lick Emperour that Christian In-
 fidel. And its more than proba-
 ble he had been as Succesful on
 the *Rhine*, as he had before on
 the *Danow*, had recovered his
 Dominions unjustly detain'd, and
 with Reprisals on *Lewis le Grand*:
 in a word he had effectually
 Curb'd that haughty Spirit, and
 pluckt some Jewells out of the
 rich and gawdy Diadem of the
French Tyrant, had not the over
 Victorious King of Terrours Ar-
 rested

rested the brave General in his hopeful Progress, and by one envenomed Arrow out of his killing Quiver, stab'd his great Heart, and put all the European World in Mourning.

The other who march'd by him, was the Greatest Ghost that ever Grac'd the *Elysium* Plains the most Invincible *Nassau*, who even in Infancy wrote Man, and whose green Youth confess'd the Hero. He like *Alcides* commenc'd his Glorious Achievements from his Cradle, and in his Early spring, brought forth ripe Autumn Fruits: Far more Illustrious [by joyning Scraphick Vertue to his Noble Prowess] then great *Alexander*, for he fought like a Tyrant to enslave Mankind, this like a God, to set all Europe Free: When poor *Bata-*

via

in his *ia* Trembled at the Gallick
 Monster's Gripe, and *France*, like
 the Tempestious Ocean, was
 hounding ore her trembling sho-
 res ; He stemm'd the mighty
 Torrent, and said, hitherto may
 thy proud Waves, but shall no
 further pass : nay made her dis-
 embogue, her unjust spoils, and
 in short space restore what Cost
 the Labours of an Age to gain.
 But *Albion* principally owes him
 praises, and Acknowledgments
 immortal as his Fame ; when she
 was sinking under Slavery, her
 Rights and Libertys suppress'd,
 like a Propitious Divinity, he eased
 her from her Yoak, and knock'd
 off all Chains. As this Illustrious
 shade pass'd on, the Hero's and
 the Demi-Gods all bow'd their
 awful Heads, in token of pro-
 found Respect, as to a Superiour
 Power.

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A great many more that are in the Rank of Martial and Honourable Ghosts, may deservedly lay claim to be remembered as much as these, but a further Enlargement upon this, would tire your Attention, and I know your top and principal Design is to view the ravishing Recesses, the eternal blooming Meadows, and Verdant Fields of the Lovers Paradise; and to be acquainted with the soft and whispering Passages of Love, and his Adorers not the noisy and thundering Relations of *Mars* and his hardy Worshipers. These Troops of Heroical Martial Spirits possess *Elysium* and themselves [as I told you before] to give the Dormitory of their beloved interitid Body a Visit every Night and from thence they often re-

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air to Campaigns, where the
 out Sons of War ly intrench-
 ed, waiting for Actions and
 Opportunities to gain renown:
 over these Assemblies of Heroes
 they hover in the Air and are
 touched with a strange desire of
 mixing with them, and entring
 upon those delightful Employ-
 ments they loved to bestow
 themselves on, before they left
 their ruinous corporeal Habita-
 tions, and fled upon the wings of
 the Soul to *Elysium*. Hence, as
 they are wandring and roving
 up and down, some Persons
 whose Occasions constrain them
 abroad in a dusky Night, and
 more then ordinary if they be
 near *Armies*, or these Worthies
 Tornbs, will see these meager
 Ghosts in a Shape larger than
 Humane, and thence in a fright-

ful Consternation, will return to their Families, and tell them dismal Stories and horrid Relations of the Apparitions. This by the way may learn us, that those were no absurdities in the eager and forward Devotion of the *Turks*, to the Bones and Tomb of that Invincible and Noble Prince *Scanderbeg*, Every one of the *Barbarians* that could gain some small Remainder of his Body, thought himself not meanly Blest, but with sure Faith believed he should be inspired with the same Courage, and attended with the same kind Fortune, that over-blest that gallant and prosperous Prince of *Epirus* renowned *George Castiot*. And in my opinion they did share Blessing above the rest, for the departed Soul of the Hero would

com

come to attend his dear Relicks,
 and breath in brave Sublimity of
 spirit into those officious Breasts;
 that with reverent respect, car-
 ried about his Bones, set in rich
 Pearl and Gold. Wise men and
 grave *Sophies* may be apt, perhaps
 to suspect any such Appearances
 as fabulous Legends, and think
 them to be the products of a
 Knavish Confederacy, or of Fear
 that represents the Fictitious Phen-
 asms of a crazy Brain, as reall
 Appearances; still undoubtedly
 there are some Spectres that have
 a being, some where besides in
 the Heads of black and freakish
 Melancholists; that sometimes
 wander up and down in the
 Earth as well as in timorous and
 deluded Imaginations. Sufficient,
 says my Guardian, has been said
 to settle your thoughts about the

travelling Spirits: it is time to raise up your Head and look about you, for we are now in the Precincts of *Elysium*, and in full Prospect of the delicious Garden, those serene Regions, Receptracles of true and faithful Lovers. Those eternally blooming Shades and Verdant Fields of Paradise, for Situation, Sweetness of Air, ravishing Recesses, divine Company, and pleasing Excesses of most exalted and pure Love, and infinite other Advantages as much outvying the most favourable Description of the Paradise of the Indian *Brachmans*, or the Epileptical Cheat of the *Turks*. As an Authentick History in point of Credibility beares away the Palm from the lying Fables of the *Roman* Saints, or the Joys of a vertuous

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constant, faithful and single Love, is above the Brutish Transports of a rude and undistinguishable Sensuality.

We were now arrived at the Banks of the River *Lethe*, which bounds the delicious Feilds on that side, which gives an Entrance into *Elysium*. With the Assistance of the kind Angel of my Nativity, I soon gain'd the Passage and set Footing on firm Ground; where we had a compleat View of all the fortunate Island. The Shape and Figure was Triangular exactly, and I was projecting which way I must take my Journey, but my Guide saved me that Trouble, by addressing himself to me to this Effect, Distract not your Thoughts about what Course we must observe in our Survey,

leave this Province to my Con-
cern and Management, I think
it not necessary to measure all
the *Angles* of this sweet Triangle
we will Coast along the Perpen-
dicular this way, which will lead
us to *Cupids* Royal Tower, the
Lovers *Seraglio* [as wee may
Phrase it] and all the other
Spectacles concerning that soft
passion that are worth detaining
you. After he had delivered this
we begun to move forward, but
I could not make much Progress
before I had generally, and
confusedly taken Notice of the
choice Pleasure and Rarities
that the blissful Feilds of Love
abounded with, delightful Feilds
enamel'd with *Floras* Verdant and
Odoriferous Livery, and Embrac-
ed with the winding Meanders
of Chrystal Streams, and shady

Thi

Con Thickets of *Cypress*, of *Jessamin*,
 think and *Myrtle Groves*. Trees that
 ure all feasted the Eye, the Gust and
 iangle Smell at one Entertainment, in-
 erpen termixtly Flourished. The smil-
 ill lea ing, glittering Feilds one might
 er, the see overspread and beautied with
 e may smooth fac'd Youth, and soft Vir-
 othe gins, the most glorious Orna-
 at sof ments of these happy Plains and
 aining Blisful scenes, some walking by
 d this Couples along the murmuring
 d, bu Streams, and joining the gentle
 rogre Noise with their Silent Whispers,
 and then for a grateful Vicissi-
 of th tude, reposeing themselves on the
 rieties Banks, that seem'd glad of the
 Lov honour done them by the youth-
 Feild ful *Amoretos*, the water *Nymphs*
 ant and would frequently steal to the
 Embra Side of the Stream, to hear the
 cander sweet Pair imparting their Souls
 shad to one another, in smoth and
 Thi mel-

melting Expressions, and when the wanton Goddesses perceive the Lovers apprehend their innocent Treachery, they straight would smile and [but with Reluctancy] disappear, and retreat into their watry Dominions, at this the modest Lady would be ore-spread with a crimson Tincture, and her Beauteous Face appeare like a bed of blushing Rosis, covered with a Veil of Lawn: The disorder causing the vertuous and chaste Blood to overflow its *Channel*, and thereby representing the glowing Face of the Morning, when she springs out of her beloved, old *Tythonus* Arms. But the eager and Love struck Youth soon stifles his Mistress pretty Blushes and rapturing Modesty with 10000 Kisses who by an insatiable Covetous-

nes,

nes, never thinks himself suffic'd,
 he numbers the tender Caresses
 as carefully as the slavish Miser
 counts his Peices of glittering
 Oar, till for Multitude they'l
 pass his *Arithmetick*; and never
 gives ore the pleasing Dalliances,
 till through the weariness, they
 both pant and heave their loving
 Breasts with Sighs, as tho they
 were in contention who should
 Breath their Soul into the other
 first. In this soft and sweet En-
 counter of Love, they fall Asleep,
 and those shining Stars, their
 Eyes are closed and deprived of
 the Joys of fixing them on one
 anothers Beauties, for a short
 space, while he leans his Head on
 her swelling Breasts, softer than
Turtles Feathers, or the Down of
 young fledg'd Angels. Others of
 the happy Couples are gathering
 Flowers

Flowers in the fragrant Meades
 and pass the Time in pleasant
 Dialogues, and dear Relations of
 themselves and other Contem-
 porary Lovers, with such Rap-
 tures, Seraphick Elocution, and
 Celestial Ornaments of Speech
 that might you feed your Ears
 on their Divine Accents, tho
 they should continue them to an
 Ages Length, you would still
 retain fresh Appetite for more
 and nere be cloy'd The shady
 silent Groves and Arbours I told
 you of, were a Refuge to the *Ely-*
sian Youths, and the shining
 Objects of their Passion, when
 the Sun had arrived at his Meri-
 dian Elevation, yet his Heat is
 not offensive but only for a
 free, undisturb'd Acting of their
 most exalted raptures of the
 highest Love, about that time
 they

they frequent these close Reces-
 ses, the usual Scene of those last
 and consummate Joys. The
 thick and regular Order of the
 Trees will not permit the inqui-
 sitive-Teltale Charioteer of the
 Heavens to peep into their cool
 and happy Privacies, or be con-
 scious of their Youthful Joys,
 tho' they that are Strangers to a
 Fault could not be acquainted
 with Shame] Nay never an one
 of his nimble Spies, a smallest
 Ray, force admittance. Every
 Bough disperses more than Eas-
 tern *Odours* round about, the lit-
 tle Breezes and Gales that Fan
Elysium, Breath more deliciously
 than *Frankincense*, and *Amber*;
 and the Air smells infinitely sweet-
 er than the garden of *Arabian*
Spices. There are besides ten
 thousand winged Choristers that
 perch

perch upon the Groves, those
 sweet-voic'd Chaunters of *Ely-*
sum, that are incessantly carol-
 ling out their innocent Pleasures
 to the Spring, the famous Bird
 of *Paradise*, that seems to be the
 leader and presenter of the cheer-
 ful Chorus. She as much tran-
 scends the other jovial Singers
 in Warbling Musick, and the
 tuneable Aires of her Charming
 Voice; as the gay rariety of fine
 Colours, and the gawdy sump-
 tuous dresses of her Feathers,
 challenge Precedency of the
Woodland Company. Her slender
 Beak and Leggs glitter'd as tho
 they were Scaled over with Span-
 gles of refin'd Gold; a Circle of
 Flame round her Eyes that dar-
 ted out sparkeling Beams of Glo-
 ry. A Tuft of Silver coloured
 Feathers upon her Head, affor-

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ed the appearance of a rich Mi-
 ary *Crest*, waisted with wanton
 Gales that play'd with the pret-
 y Trifle. Her neck which the
 gh spirited *Minion* proudly
 racted, was surrounded with a
 Chain, or natural Bracelet of A-
 ure, inlaid with sparkling *Pearl*
 nd Diamond ; and here and
 here interchangeably blazon'd
 with a twinkling *Star*, that as
 he was upon swiftly cutting the
 quid Air, would seem like so
 many little flying *Planets*. All
 the rest of her body was covered
 with such curious net-work [if
 we may use the term] that it
 would tire the most ingenious
 invention to effect any thing
 that in the least deserved to stand
 in contest with this superlative
 Draught of natural pulchritude.
 Her Wings and all those other
 Parts,

Parts, besides those I have already described, were garnished with that miscellany of *Purple, green, jet black, and white Feathers* so rarely mixt, and insensibly interwoven, that they outshone the neatly mingled Colours and glorious *Phenomenas* of the *Rainbow*. I had confidently presumed, and lay'd down for unquestionable, it had been the fam'd *Phenix*, had I seen but one of these Embroider'd : Gallants but the Multitude of them gave me to see the rashness of any such Surmise ; for one could not come near any Grove, but a great number of them would dazle ones Eyes with their shining *Gaudery*, and accost their pleased Eares with Diversity of sweet sounding *Sonnets*, every bough was furnished with these welcome

jolly

jolly Guests, and the stately Trees
 they perched upon, that raised
 their aspiring tops to the *Stars*
 wel'd you'd swear, and were va-
 ntly proud of their acceptable
 Burden. When the *Elysian* cou-
 ples had satiated themselves in
 those innocent Diversions, with
 which I gave you to know, they
 recreated themselves, and retrea-
 ed into their still Sanctuaries in
 Companies, the obsequious So-
 ciety of Airy Musicians would
 constantly, with a joynt and un-
 animous Consent of Voices, wel-
 come them into their cool and
 sweet Retirements, and accor-
 dingly entertain 'em all the time
 they honoured and blessed their
 calme Habitations with their
 Presence. We were marching
 trait towards the Colledge of
 Lovers, when I could not but
 H halt

halt a little to listen to the Aires
of a *Lute* and a Bird of *Paradise*,
express the same notes as did the
trembling Strings of the melo-
dious Instrument. All the Birds
were silent, and as attentive as my
self to the sweet Melody of the
Lute, and their fellow *Chorister*.
My unsatisfied Humour forc'd
me a little to break of my Jour-
ney, and draw nearer, that I might
learn from whence the unusual
Musick proceeded. When I had
peirced into the Grove, I de-
scriy'd that which at once took
away and enhanced my Admira-
tion. A Seraphick Virgin, with
her youthful Lover, and several
Attendants and Companions, sat
by the Current of a little Rill,
whose streames ran with Pearle
and Golden Sand, and with hum-
ble Joy paid their Allegiance at

her

her Feet. She it way that plaid
 on the *Lute*, and mov'd her Fin-
 gers on the *Warbling Strings*;
 viewing the Trees to understand
 who was the other pretty Author
 of our Pleasure, I scan'd a Bird of
Paradize framing the same Notes
 with her Voice, as the sweet Lady
 was with the nimble Stroakes of
 her slender fingers. My Eyes
 found her tuning on a Bough
 through the close Leaves of a
 flourishing *Myrtle*. So I was now
 assured these two were entered
 into a Contention, and were
 exercising their Musical Facul-
 ties in this pleasing sweet Essay.
 The haughty Bird disdaining to
 be out shot in her own Bow, and
 braved in her woody Province,
 as soon as she heard the *Ladies*
Lays, struck up her Voice to an
 unusual Tribble, the Amiable Vir-
 gin

gin observing this, and resolving to the utmost to try what Results this pleasing Contest would have, first begun at the *Elements* and *Rudiments* of the Art, and plaid her most plain and easie Notes, which her swelling *Antagonist* answered with an Indifference and smiling disdain. Than the Lady raised her Musick to a higher and more melodious Key, which stile her noble Rival, with facility and exactness Imitated. Than she gradually and successively run over all the variety of Strains, and the whole Gamut of Musick; first the lofty *Phrygian* Strain, at which all the Brute inhabitants of the Wood and adjoining Meadows were Transported with Rage and Fury, and by a general Consent fell to bloody Combats: and took mad

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Risks about the Feilds, as tho
 they had been Affrighted at an
 awfull *Thunder Clap* or the roa-
 ring Voice of great *Jupiter*. This
 swallowed me up in a profound
 Amaze, then as soon as the Lady
Musician turned out of the fu-
 rious *Phrygian* into the calme
 and soft *Æolian* Strain, all the
 Storms and Tempests were set-
 tled, and the odd medly of
 Freakes was composed in a deep
 Tranquillity. So have I seen the
 peevish Infant in an angry pet-
 strugle and cry, till a few of the
 Indulgent Nurses *Lullabies* and
 country *Sonnets* would pacifie
 the Young *Rebel*, and gentle
 sleep put an end to the Quarel.
 Still the pretty Freeholder of
 the Grove, the *Elysian* Ladies
 Antagonist kept a Correspon-
 dent Symphony, and in a shrill

Inchanting Voice, tuned over all those strange and varliour Ains. At length the sweet Female Musician bore it with some Regret that so little an Animal should strive with her for Victory, that she had always before carried without Opposition, she therefore at one Effort shew'd all her skill, and with the enchanting Touches of her Fingers, call'd all the Rapturous Notes that *Apollo* or the *Sisters* ever knew to her Strings; and formed into Harmony and sweet flowing Numbers, the great spirited Bird, tho she was only a Voice and scarce any thing more, yet attempted here to follow her, but it was impossible that that narrow Throat, and those small Organs should express such different and contrary Strains, But she was resolved

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solved to stretch her self once
 more, and then bravely Dye:
 And as the Lamp blazeth most
 clearly the moment before it is
 extinguished, she gave a short and
 sweet farewell *Epiphonema*, than
 with an harmonious Sigh her
 tender Heart strings crackt, and
 at once the great Pretender ceas-
 ed to sing and Live. But as she
 dyed Nobly, so she fell honou-
 rably, and got a *Sepulchre* worth
 the dying for. No sooner her
 great Soul in a Musical Gasp fled
 out of her little Body, but she fell
 from her flourishing Perch into
 her charming Adversaries Lap,
 as tho this had been the reward
 she was ambitious of before Life.
 In that soft and fragrant Bosome
 sweetly to be entomb'd, this
 being observed by the *Elysian*
 Company, with some emotions

of pleasing wander, the sweet
 Conquerours admirers, and ef-
 poused Lover. A youth in full
 blown flame of divine Heat and
 blooming Beauty, rap't into a
 Poetical Fury by his dearest Go-
 desses inspiring Presence, after
 he had offered a whole *Hecatomb*
 of Kisses to her soft, perswined
 Lips, composed this extempore
Poem.

A *Mbitious Bird, what fond contempt of life*
Did thus engage thee in unequal Strife?
What thou contend with her amazing Lays
Or vainly think to snatch the glorious Bays
From those fair Temples were they'l ever Grow
Tho Phebus envy and the Muses too!
Sure 'twas enough for thee to Strut among
Thy fellow Choristers and chaunt thy Song
In woodland Notes, to get desir'd Applause,
From chattering Magpies or the pratings Daws;
Thus thou wouldst have within its sphear Confind,
The small Extent of thy Plebeian Mind;

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At most thou might'st have chalenged the Thrush,
 Or Blackbird singing in a shady Bush:
 Or vy with tuneful Philomels that mourn,
 Leaning their Breasts tr'a Melancholy Thorn,
 But twas a boundless piece of pride above
 Compare, t'affront the Goddess of the Grove,
 Whose airs make Anditors admire and Love:
 For her warm Influences do inspire
 You choristers with a Poetick fire.
 'Tis her auspicious Presence e'ry Day
 That makes the woody Singers Brisk and Gay.
 She is your Patronesse she tunes your Voice.
 From her your Notes have their supprising choice.
 What punishment Proud Rebel did belong
 To thy presumptuous Rivalling her Song?
 Thy Fate was just and yet thy Noble Fall
 Shows something Innocent and Brave withall
 Twas not for to contend that thou didst raise
 Thy emulating Strains, or't'share her Praise:
 But humbly 'timitate and learn those Airs
 Charming above the Musick of the Sphears,
 Or Orpheus Vocal Harp, whose sound did quell
 Pluto and fetch Euridice from Hell.

If

If so thy venial fault was nothing worse
 Than making an attempt beyond thy Force :
 The Entreprize was Great, the Death was Brave
 And thou hast found an honourable Grave :
 To fall into her Lap, who would not dye,
 Might he but Buried in her Bosom lye ?
 From which a thousand Spicie Odours flow
 Sweeter than any in Arabia grow.
 Grandees to whom the truckling World has paid
 Allegiance, nere in greater state were laid.
 Tho Tombs and Mansoleums swell on high,
 And Towing Pyramids out brave the Sky.
 The costly Sepulchers which labour'd Art
 Long Immortality feign to impart.
 Yet Times Remorseless Jaws breaths their Decay
 And puff's their Heros Dust and memory away !
 But thy Interment, happy Bird will give
 A Name will last as long Time shall live ;
 See in what Bliss she doth supinely Rest !
 Might she but be some Moments in that Breast
 The sacred Heat would Triumph over Death
 And a new Soul into her Body Breath.

The *Herorick* Lover would
 have proceeded to deliver the re-
 sults of his heated Juvenile Fan-
 cy, having light upon such a
 pleasing Theam, as his Mistresses
 Perfections to descant on, had
 not the first rewarding of his
 Services with a million of tender
 Embraces, conveyed a Glance
 or two, mixed with a Smile and
 a Frown, which gave a Check
 to his Rapture, and shewed him,
 he was not pleased to hear her
 own *Panegyrick* any further, and
 yet not angry at his *Poetry*, which
 was no less a demonstration of
 his ardent Affection, than his
 pregnant Wit. Scarce had he
 repeated his sliding Numbers,
 the sudden *Enthuziasms* of his
 Fancy, before all the feathered
 Inhabitants of the Grove, the
 Birds of Paradise came in Array,
 swiftly

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swiftly flying towards the Lady
 in whose bosom lay the Carcass
 of their dear expired Companion.
 With whom attended a Troop
 of *Elysian Nightingales*, and all
 the other merry Chaunters of
 the Wood, and drew up in Rank
 and File to perform the Funeral
 Ceremonies. The flying *Militia*
 addressed the Lady, veiling their
 Crests and doing their devoirs
 to their divine *Patroness*. Then
 they gently took the Bird out of
 the Heavenly Virgins Lap, her
 sweet *Dormitory*, four of the great-
 est Quality carried the beau-
 tious Corps, the Company, part
 going before, part bringing up
 the rear, in a mournful silence ; a
Cedar Tree there was in the mid-
 dle and center of the Thicket, rais-
 ing up its ambitious Tops to
 the starry Cannopy. So much
 over-

overlooking all the rest, that
 they seem'd but humble Shrubbs,
 or at least it might dispute al-
 titude with the highest point of
 the Mauritanian *Atlas*, or *Mount*
Taurus. The Birds of *Paradice*,
 with the other Retinue, had in
 one of the Boughs of this prodi-
 gious Plant made a Nest of *Cin-*
namon, *Cassia*, *Frankincence*, *Cro-*
cus and *Elyzian Rosemary*, with
 other different kinds of Fragrant
 and Combustible Spices, to bethe
 expired Singers Funeral *Pile*.
 Hither the swift Bearers directed
 their soaring Course, and having
 gained the Height, and taken a
 Minutes Respiration, in decent
 Order repose the Body, on its
 odorous Funeral Bed, and taking
 their parting *Vale* quitted the
 Nest, and joyned the Body of
 the waving Army; one of the
 sweet

sweet Singers broke out of the
 Ranks, and with a fleeting courser
 made for the Spicie Nest, resolv-
 ved to bear the departed dear
 partner of his innocent Loves
 and former billing Joys, Com-
 pany, and as he had lived with
 her in the Pleasures of the Grove
 so to bid adieu to all his Enjoy-
 ment; now she was torn from
 him. And mixe her faithful Ashes
 with Hers in the pure Funera-
 Flames. Straight the Sun Beams
 darted such Heat on the Pile, that
 it catch't fire and so the undiv-
 ded Couples, the sweet *Cadavers*
 perished, and were resolved into
 Ashes by an Odoriferous Confla-
 gration. All the interim, from the
 first flaming to the total Con-
 summation and last Blaze, the
 Birds orderly taking Wing in the
 Aire flew round about the Tree,
 sweetly

sweetly singing their Fellows
 Passing Peal, and with a Sympho-
 ny of slow Voices and Mournful
 Airs, sung their Funeral Dirges.
 These Solemnities being over, the
 Troops of these light wing'd
 Sailours descended into the lower
 Trees, and every one pluck'd a
 little twig of *Cypruss*, an Em-
 bleme of their Sorrow, and than
 disbanded themselves, and reti-
 red into their small Opacous Pa-
 laces. Wonder and Astonishment
 at this instance of Heroick Bra-
 very, and height of unfeign'd
 Love in the Bird of Paradise, im-
 pregnated my Mind with such
 Contemplations; how dear and
 blessed, say I, must the Place
 needs be, where Love, Constan-
 cy and generous Truth bears the
 Ascendant over all the undivi-
 ded Pairs? what *Adamantine Links*
 and

and *Brazen Chains* of indissoluble Affection, tye together these united Souls? How strong is that Love, how fast the Knots of those sweet Vows of firm covenants of Love, that the all conquering Hands of Death cannot Untie: They tell us stories of the Conjugal Faith and uparal'd Constancy of the *Indian Matrons* to their Husbands, who Ambitiously contend, which of them [for the man has many Wives] should have the fatal honour of attending their dear Man into the dusky World of Shades, with rich and costly Garments, with splendid Garlands on their Heads. And most of all, with Smiles in their Faces, the dear *Heroines* stand as tho prepared to renew their *Nuptials*, and when the Faggot has enflamed the heap of Wood

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on which the Carcase lies extended, they go to Bed to their flaming Husbands in Sheets of Fire. These Passages are rare and miraculous, but as frequent, I cannot scruple to believe, in these Regions of Love and Bliss, as occasions do occur; but what exalted and unfeigned Galantry of Love, in the Pallace of Joy, and happy Court of the Coupled Lovers shall we find, when so much reigns in the Brutish and Irrational Inhabitants! Tho' in my Sentence, the *Philosophical* *Asses* better deserve the Titles, than these pretty Musical Souls, who are Possessed with such Brave Honourable Sentiments. Oh happy Assembly, and general Congregation of *Elizium* Lovers, when shall I behold thy Beauties? Oh when shall I arrive at thy

thy glittering Thresholds! Where
 thought is all Rapture and Ex-
 tasy; by this time I had lost all
 the *Elizian* Gallants, all were
 gon to their Society, the Ren-
 devouz of all the United Lovers,
 of which I was in Quest; And
 now all the Grove was hush't in-
 to a general Silence, nothing
 stirr'd but the Leaves, softly
 touch'd by the calm Breezes of
Aeolus, and I had no Company
 but my firm and inseperable
 Friend, my *Seraphick* Guide.
 We wheel'd off from the Grove
 in order to the pursuance of the
 designed Journey. But before I
 tell how we arriv'd there, let me
 beg the Benefit of your Patience
 for a minute, to compleat the
 general Description of *Elizium*.
 No *Russian Winters* or Northern
 Colds there disturb the temper-

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rate Climes, but a perpetual and eternal Spring sits smiling on the Face of the delicious Island, the Sun always gilds the Horns of the *Celestial Bull*, and shines through the Bushy Locks of the beautiful Twins. So there are no extreams of intollerable Cold, or vehement Heat, no eager North Blasts, nor Sultry Scorching Winds to parch or to cast them into Putrid Sweats: But a still, sweet and calm Season continually adorns these Fields of Light, there is *Floras* Ward-robe that Cloaths all the Subjects of her gay and green Dominion, the Flowers, *Purples, Violets, Lillies, Daffodilles, Hyacinths*, the little *Sweating Amorous Sun-dew*, and the *Gorgeously, stately Queen of the Meadows*; amidst a numerous Train of her Smiling Youthful

Subjects, that all contend in
 sweet and outward Perfections
 of natural Paint and Particolour-
 ed Garments, whether they
 should more please the Sight, or
 the luscious Exaltations to gra-
 tifie the Smell; the one is Beau-
 ty to the Olfactory Faculties, the
 other to the Eyes. The sweet In-
 habitants of the Divine Garden,
 the Lovers enjoy no less a flou-
 rishing Spring in their Beauties
 and Love, then every thing else
 does in this Scene of Bliss. No
 Jealous Whimseys, or froward
 Misinterpretations make a Di-
 vorce betwixt their settled hearts,
 or seperate their lasting and un-
 fading Affections, only a con-
 stant Love and glad Devotion,
 flows in their Souls, which move
 in the same Thoughts, the same
 desires and Joys, you'd think the
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souls of two of our dear and
 passionate Lovers made but one
 Divine *Hermaphrodite*, the conti-
 nual Enjoyment of one anothers
 sweets, does not glut and pal-
 their desires, but sets an Edge
 upon the Eager Appetites, quite
 contrary to that gross and dull
 way of Love below, that soon
 waxes Cold, and expires in a faint
 Blaze, after two or three tastes
 of those pleasures that before
 were reckoned worth the *Indies*,
 has made them cheap and nau-
 seous. It is so far from being di-
 minished here, that every Em-
 brace makes them still desire
 more, and would render their
 Passion greater were, it not too
 flaming already to be able to
 receive any further Additions.
 Old Age and Decays are not pri-
 viledged here, but an eternal Sun

of glorious Beauty with his warm and refulgent Rays, shines in the soft Faces of the Youthful Society, no Wrinkles makes havoc of a formerly gay and beautiful Face, nor can Antiquity stigmatize their Cheeks with her deforming brands. A sweet Softness, with a well tempered Majesty, a vast number of Graces, and Cupids in every Eye, keep them for ever in the *Zenith* and full Accomplishment of their amiable and adorable Features. My presumption dares go no further, for fear my artless, trembling Hand may sully their Perfections in the Portraicture and unskilful Draught. Walking gently and casting my wandring Eyes aside, I saw a little Arbour of flourishing Vines laden with Purple Grapes, entwining one another

another in strict Embraces, and
 here and there an Orange Tree
 glittering with its Golden Apples.
 Through a Chinck, or two, open
 and defenseless of leaves, I beheld
 six or seven Nymphs of Para-
 dice, Naked in their natural Beau-
 ties, washing themselves in a lit-
 tle River that took its Course
 through the midst of the Ar-
 bour, the Preservative, my Guar-
 dian gave me at first, with mine
 own faint Vertue, could scarce
 keep me from melting at the
 sight, Ye Gods [said I to mine
 own mind] how far are we
 from an exact Description of
 these bewitching Goddesses, by
 viewing a little their outward Ap-
 pearances, some White and Red
 on their Cheeks and Lipps, when
 we cannot behold their Beauties
 and naked Charms; the first are

but the Cask and Carkanet, these
 are the Jewels and precious Dia-
 monds that lie lock'd up in such
 splendid Outfides. I unwillingly
 forc'd my Eyes from off these
 dangerous, yet pleasing Objects,
 considering that *Diana*, with so
 rigorous severity, punished *Ac-*
teon the Hunter, for looking on
 her charming Nakedness, as she
 was bathing her self in happy
 Steams, tho the fatal Sight ac-
 costed him at unawares, well
 might those bashful Goddesses
 wreak the revengeful Talent on
 me for my rude and voluntary
 Affront, a greater fault than *Ac-*
teons, sure deserved no less Pu-
 nishment. Here sober Reason and
 tender Regard to self Preserva-
 tion, by sacrificing a fond Hu-
 mour to my Safety, put me out
 of Harms way in that which
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would quickly place me at the Period of my Desires and undertaken Journey. After this short Halt I resumed my travels, and through an impatient eagerness to arrive at the desired Stage, redoubled my nimble steps, 'till my expedition had seated me on the brow of a mounting Hill, which advanced its flowry Head into the free Region of the calm and undisturbed Air. Here were no Mists and Suffocating Fogs, exhaled from gross and feculent Matter as below, but a gentle, fragrant breathing West Wind, puffed out perfumed Gales out of his Spicie Lungs, and a perpetual Serenity smiled in the Face of the expanded Cannopy of the Heavens. It might properly receive the Name of *Elysiums* Watch-Tower, for from its glorious

rious Head that was always gorgeously deck't with a Garland of Roses, Tulips and Violets, was a clear View and Prospect of all the scattered Beauties of the Lovers Campaign. There the greedy Eye might weary it self in sweetly wandring up and down, and prying into every Corner, and exhaust its visual Faculties, by rioting on all the Sights that presented themselves to its Curiosity: the immortal Perspectives too might well grow dim, by attending to them, and the Memory must enlarge its narrow Cells to receive so many Objects, that all pressed in, in whole troops, and crowded for Admission. Questionless I should not have perswaded my self to be an idle and unconcern'd Spectator, or regardless Gazer at all
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the sweet Novelties that encom-
 passed me round. If a fatal Ne-
 cessity had not then obliged me
 to neglect the Scrutiny. The
 great Luminary of the World
 began to withdraw his glorious
 Rays, that before gilded the blef-
 sed Hemispheare, and yeilding up
 his Province to the Lieutenancy
 of his Sister *Phebe*, and the other
 twinkling Torches that receive
 from him their faint Splendour
 and borrowed light. I felt a dull
 and leaden Influence. Suddenly
 arrest all my Senses, and an irre-
 sistable pleasing Weight gently
 pull'd down the Curtains of mine
 Eyes, and lay'd my Head on
 a gay sweet Pillow of Flowers.
 As heavy and dull a Saturnine
 Disposition had possessed me all
 over, as if I had quaffed large
 Draughts of the Soporiferous
 Juice

Juice of *Opium*, or taken in the deadly streams of the black river of *Oblivion*. The Bed I reposed my self on, was the humble Ground, yet magnificently deckt with growing Tapestry, and the natural Gallantry of the flourishing Spring. The whistling Blasts of calm *Zephyrus* gently enhanced my drowzy Humour, and seiz'd my Senses with a general Cessation.

A Balmy, breathing sweat spread ore my pliant Limbs, whilst thus my Guardian Angel [Fanning me with his Downy Pinnions] said, As yet you have had but a short View, or rather one breif Glance of the extatick Pleasures, which the Raptur'd Lovers enjoy; yet this Transient Prospect is as much, as at one Flight you are able to bear: for

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whilst your Soul is forced to operate through Obstructive Organs, its Emanations are straitned and confin'd, for should they flow according to their Natural Force, they would break through all those impediments and prove exitial to your Constituted Being. Besides those immense Delights, beset the Soul with so much Fury, that till it is freed from the Clog of Flesh and Blood, it is not able to support it self against the fierce Assaults, for any space of Time, without recruiting Rest and Relaxation. Yet tho you are incapacitated at present for further participation of those inutterable Joyes this Benefit you have obtain'd by what Progress you have already made, that thereby you are invigorated for a much greater

in

in your next Flight : therefore at present let this suffice, but when the bright Eye of Heav'n, hath seven Times roll'd his Diurnal Course, meet me again, where first I appear'd to you, and then I will lead you up into such Fields of Bliss and Beatifick Vision, that all as yet you have seen, can give you no faint Idea of them : nor should I now relate them to you in the humblest Dress of words, those mighty Theames could bear, would your highest apprehension reach the Foot of the Account. Having said this, he clos'd his Discourse with these words, Sung in soft ravishing Notes.

SLEEP Peaceful Soul ! let Downy Rest
And Gentle slumbers, seize thy Brest,
Like Infants in first Innocence !

No frightful Phantoms, give offence !

No

No Guilty Images, controul

The smooth sedateness of thy Soul!

A spotless Mind and Heart most pure

Such happy slumbers will procure.

Whilst Conscience clear, awake you keep,

You'll Blissful Visions find in Sleep:

And thus you'll pass the Day and Night

Alternately, in soft Delight.

His last words sounded like the dying Reports of a Distant Eccho, for by Degrees my senses were all lockt up in a sound sleep; out of which, when I wak'd, I found my self in the Grove [first describ'd] Having with mature thoughts reflected on all the surprising Particulars of the Vision, I thought it might not be an unacceptable Entertainment to the World, to publish it. If I find encouragement from the Ingenious, by their
favour-

favourable Acceptation of it, it
shall come forth again, far more
Correct and improved, with
Additional Visions, in which I
dare promise something that
may be more Diverting.

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